

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

Screenplay by

Brad Bird and Matthew Robbins

and

Brent Maddock and S. S. Wilson

BAT 0175

JULY 22, 1986
rev. thru Oct. 6, 1986

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

FADE IN:-

1 A PHOTOGRAPH

A black and white snapshot, enlarged but faded, shows a crowd of happy people in front of a luncheonette, circa 1946. They're hoisting a new neon sign into place: Riley's Cafe. The SOUND of Glenn Miller's lilting "Moonlight Serenade" mixes with CHATTER and TRAFFIC NOISES from another era. *

2 MORE PHOTOGRAPHS

Pictures celebrating a by-gone New York. Forgotten friends toast each other in the cafe booths; a teen-ager shows off his first Ford; someone carries a Christmas tree up the front steps of a tenement building; kids frolic in the hydrant spray. BAT 0175

This is a building and a neighborhood in its heyday, full of life.

3 ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH

The last photograph-- a man reading the funny papers on his fire escape-- DISSOLVES TO COLOR. The music and sound cut off. The man disappears. Now the fire escape is rusted, the windows burned out. From out of nowhere, a huge, toothed steel bucket swings into an upper story and tears the fire escape right off the building! As hunks of masonry drop away, the bucket swings again, knocking a hole right through the wall. *

4 EXT. STREET - DAY

Work crews are pulling down an entire block. Bulldozers crawl over mountains of rubble, like huge yellow insects. The noise is grinding, numbing.

4A FAYE RILEY

An old lady marches through it all, pulling a shopping cart. She's dressed in a bathrobe and pedal pushers, sporting sunglasses and a cigarette holder. Her name is Faye Riley, 79, and it used to be her part of town. *

5 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

She stops, pulls out a shopping list, and looks around. Where's the grocery store? Nothing but trucks hauling piles of wreckage. A derelict shaves in the water from an open hydrant. And the corner store is just a heap of tumbled-down bricks and glass, covered with gang grafitti. The old lady puffs her cigarette, suddenly uneasy. Cautiously, she backs out of the store.

6 EXT. TENEMENT - DAY

At the curb, workmen are lifting a large sign into place. It shows a sleek, soaring luxury apartment; fancy lettering reads "Lacey Plaza-- Elegance. Convenience. Security." Behind the sign, a four-story tenement building, a lone survivor, stands surrounded by ruins. The bulldozers prowl around it, as if waiting for the last beast to fall. On the ground floor is Riley's Cafe, or what's left of it.

7 INT. RILEY'S CAFE - DAY

Dusty chrome and a wall full of photos. No one's had a burger in this sad, empty place for a long time. A door in the back opens and MURIEL HOGENSON, 62, enters. She strides into the middle of the dingy room, shaking her head.

MURIEL

(yelling)

I knew it! She's not here! Frank?
Sidney!

Her husband, SID HOGENSON, comes in. He glances around, looking sour.

SID

I'll try the basement.

A man appears in the kitchen door behind them. He is FRANK RILEY, late 70's, a die-hard New Yorker, fighting off time, change and old age. There's an unlit cigar stub in his mouth.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Don't panic. She's around here
somewhere.

(yelling)

FAYE!! COME ON OUT!!

Everything in the cafe starts to shake. Old photos bounce on the walls, salt and pepper shakers shimmy down the counter, the earth rumbles beneath their feet. Frank rushes to a window and looks out.

7A INT. CAFE - DAY

Spewing dirty fumes, a steel-tracked bulldozer crushes a pile of bricks and rolls toward the lone building. GUS, its hardhat pilot, zeroes in on Riley's plate glass window.

8 EXT. CAFE - DAY

Frank barrels out, bristling with indignation.

FRANK

You ever hear of private property?

The bulldozer lurches to a stop, its huge maw inches from the cafe window. Gus switches off the diesel.

GUS

(soothing)

Just coming for a hamburger, Pop.

FRANK

You got a lot of nerve! Get your
chow somewhere else!

Frank spots Faye walking through the rubble, her shopping cart bumping along behind her.

FRANK

(to the Hogensons)

Here she is!

Faye approaches the bulldozer, staring eagerly at Gus.

FAYE

Who's that? Take off that darn hat
so I can get a look at you.

FRANK

Faye, for the love of Mike, where
you been?

CONTINUED

BAT 0175

8 CONTINUED:(1)

Muriel comes out and takes the old lady by the arm.

MURIEL
You scared the daylights out of me!

BAT

0

CONTINUED

8

CONTINUED: (2)

FAYE

I did the marketing. Somebody's
got to do the marketing.

Muriel glances at the empty shopping cart and winces. She
takes it and leads Faye inside. Gus stares, mystified.

FRANK

Okay, what are you looking at?

GUS

Nothing, pop. Nothing.

FRANK

Then turn that thing around and
clear out!

The old man haughtily goes back inside, slamming the door.

9

INT. CAFE - DAY

Faye stares out the window, trying to get a better look at
Gus. The bulldozer roars to life.

FAYE

(over the din)

It's not Bobby, is it? I think
it's Bobby.

MURIEL

No, dear, it's not Bobby. It's just
a man. Now how about I fix your
breakfast?

She guides Faye to a table. The old lady sits down and
fishes out another cigarette.

FAYE

(sniffing the air)

I don't smell no bacon on. Is it
Sunday? Monday and Tuesday don't
smell at all cause Cream of Wheat
is instant and it ain't Thursday...
I can smell Thursday all the way
back to Wednesday when people put
their garbage out. And... and...
we gotta walk in the park if it's
Sunday. Sure!

(seeing Sid)

Hey, Sid, why don't you kids come
walk with us!

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

Sid Hogenson wearily sits down across from Faye.

SID

Sure, Faye. That sounds great.

He looks over at Frank, who is hanging an "Open" sign on the door and donning an apron.

FRANK

Another day, another dollar!

SID

(doom and gloom)

Who are you kidding? Nobody's coming in here til you get that grill fixed.

BAT

017

10 OMIT

11 OMIT

11A EXT. RUBBLE FIELD - DAY

As a huge crane munches an abandoned tenement, an attractive Puerto Rican girl picks her way through the bricks, carrying a bag of shopping. This is MARISA ESQUIVEL, age 20 and pregnant.

11B EXT. DEBRIS - DAY

A couple of young TOUGHS march down a mountain of crushed masonry and fall into step behind Marisa. She glances at them, then hurries to her building.

12 EXT. BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Marisa starts up the front steps, but finds her way impeded by four more toughs. They leer as she goes by. The front door is jerked open from inside.

13 INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

CARLOS CHAVEZ, mid 20's, is a dangerous, sexy Puerto Rican. He bows as Marisa enters the vestibule.

CARLOS

Hey, Chiquita! We've been waiting for you! Look!

(he holds up an envelope)

Does it smell like money? 'Cause it is.

He waves the envelope under her nose. She can't find her key. Carlos produces his own.

CARLOS

Allow me. You are a very pretty, very wealthy lady.

He ushers her in. Two of the toughs follow, their boots scuffing over the mosaic floor that once spelled out the building's street number. Most of the tiles are loose or missing.

BAT 0175

14 INT. BUILDING - MAILBOXES - DAY

Carlos and friends cluster around Marisa as she checks her mailbox. It's empty. Carlos leers at her knowingly.

CARLOS

Awww. He didn't write? Take it from me. I know about this stuff. He ain't coming back.

(he waves the envelope)

This is the letter you been waiting for!

Marisa pushes angrily past and starts up the stairs.

BAT 0175

15 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The thugs tag along with Marisa as she unlocks her door.

CARLOS

Take it! What's wrong with you? Fresh, cash money! You can move to Brooklyn...

16 INT. MARISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

She tries to slam her door, but he's too quick -- and he's short on patience. He throws the door open hard. It swings back and smashes a cheap, ceramic religious statue. *

MARISA

Get out of here!

He tosses the money onto her bed and struts out, his boots crunching on the broken porcelain.

CARLOS

Buy yourself a new saint.
You can afford it now. And start packing. *

*

*

*

17 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Carlos unlocks another door, only to find it chained shut. He peers through the crack.

CARLOS

It's moving day, Picasso.

He pushes the envelope inside. The door suddenly shuts, and the envelope shoots back into the corridor from underneath.

CARLOS

Hey, amigo, don't you even want to count it?

He kicks the money back under the door.

BAT 0175

CARLOS

They're paying you to move out!

The money slides out again. Carlos gets mad and lashes out with his foot. Crack! He kicks one of the door panels into splinters. A woman screams inside. Carlos breaks into a knowing grin.

18 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

The double-story room is jammed with paintings and drawings. A slim blonde, PAMELA, stands terrified on the other side of the door. Outside, Carlos chuckles, trying to see her.

CARLOS

Hey, doll, he's not home? How about you move in with me?

He reaches in through the jagged hole and drops the envelope on the floor.

CARLOS

This place-- it's falling apart...

Carlos gropes around, trying to pat her on the leg. Pamela jams one of the big, stretched canvasses onto Carlos' hand!

CARLOS

OW!

19 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Carlos swaggers away, trying to hide how much his hand hurts. His two pals follow, grinning.

20 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

A shabby, little apartment; the only light comes from some windows up at the sidewalk level. A cheerful toy commercial

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:(1)

blares on the TV, but no one is watching. There is a loud, rude knock at the door.

CARLOS (o.s.)
Hey, man, it's us! Knock, knock,
Champ!

HANDS

A pair of big hands grabs a jar full of mosaic tiles off a shelf.

LIVINGROOM

BAT 0175

A key turns in the lock and Carlos & Co. barge into the room.

CARLOS
Where are you, pal? Let's punch
it out again! Dong! Round two!

No answer. One of the goons points: a pair of shoes is sticking out from under a set of dusty drapes. Carlos nods and smiles wickedly.

CARLOS
How's the face, man? You ready
for a re-match?

He reaches out and feels a large bulge at waist level behind the drapes. He takes aim with his baseball bat.

CARLOS
Yesterday, we got rough. Today, we
got money. And tomorrow, you ain't
gone...

Carlos swings the bat at the curtain! CRASH! The jar breaks and a shower of mosaic tiles rains down on the shoes. The gang members howl with laughter.

Carlos sweeps his arm along a shelf, knocking off a row of old boxing trophies.

CARLOS
There. Now you got less to move.
And here's your prize money.

He neatly places the envelope in the center of the shelf. He leads his gang from the room.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:(2)

HARRY

Once a formidable man, HARRY cautiously emerges from behind the drapes. He slowly crouches down and begins picking up the mosaic tiles, one by one.

21 INT. CAFE - DAY

At a table, Faye chews on some raisin toast. Sid and Muriel are sipping coffee.

FAYE

Where's the boys? I don't hear'em playing.

(yelling)

Bobby! Donald!...

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:(1)

MURIEL

(patient)

Donald's all grown up, Faye.
He's got kids of his own now.
I'm a grandmother, remember?

Faye nods, accepting this.

FAYE

But where's my Bobby?

There's a loud crash in the kitchen. The three old folks look up to see Frank backing into the cafe, followed by Carlos and his goons. Frank brandishes a broom.

BAT 0175

FRANK

Get out my place, you punk!

*

CARLOS

Mr. Riley, it's your lucky day!
(winking at Sid)
You too, pal. Social Security,
that's me. Now, you move out.
Go to Miami. Sit in the sun.
Listen to Bing Cosby. Play
checkers. Bingo.

He strolls over to the table and drops two envelopes.

SID

We don't want any trouble, Carlos.

*

Chomping on her toast, Faye opens an envelope. Dumps out a wad of bills.

FAYE

(lighting up)

Hallelujah!

FRANK

Don't touch it!

Carlos turns to face Frank.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:(2)

CARLOS
Too late, man. She took it.

FAYE
You're an angel, Bobby, that's
what you are.

FRANK
I'm calling the cops.

*

*

He heads for the counter, but one of the goons cuts him off. - *

Sid and Muriel exchange a look, get to their feet and firmly pull Faye from the table. BAT 0175

MURIEL
Come on, Faye, time for your medicine.

FAYE
(to Carlos)
Come here and let Mama give you a
pucker.

SID
Here we go again.

Carlos jerks away from Faye as she puckers up.

GOON
Hey, Carlos. I never knew you
had a mother. Buenos dias, Senora!

CARLOS
Shut up, Al.
(to Faye)
You got the idea, right? You take the
money and move out... okay?

FRANK
Get out of my way!

*

*

FAYE
Oh, Frankie, let the boy help! You
never give him a chance! Bobby--

CARLOS
(flaring)
Stop calling me that!

FRANK
(to the Hogensons)
Get her out of here.

Frank sweeps the money to the floor.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:(3)

FRANK

(measured to Carlos)

You stay away from my wife and you stay out of our building. You tell Lacey his money stinks, you understand?

CARLOS

You kill my head, man. Money's not a good reason to move? Okay, here's a good reason.

BAT 0175

He suddenly lifts a chair and smashes a stack of dishes. There is a moment of silence. Faye picks up her toast plate and hurls it to the floor. She mischievously looks from Frank to Carlos. The gang leader cracks a smile and pats her on the cheek.

CARLOS

That's right, Mamacita. Break it up.

Frank can't bear it. With a growl, he charges and pushes Carlos backward. The goons easily grab the old man and haul him to the front door. Sid and Muriel quickly pull Faye from the room.

FAYE

Let go of me! I want to stay!
Frank! Bobby--?

22 EXT. CAFE FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door opens, and Frank is tossed onto the sidewalk. Horrified, he rushes to the window and looks inside.

23 INT. CAFE/RAMPAGE - DAY

The henchmen guard the door as Carlos starts destroying the table and fixtures. He grabs a large, old photo off the wall -- the photo of Riley's Cafe, its new sign being hoisted into place. Carlos breaks the frame and rips up the picture.

24 EXT. CAFE - DAY

Frank scoots past a side window just as a chair breaks through the glass! He runs alongside a roaring bulldozer, yelling for help and pointing at the cafe. We can't hear him. Neither can Gus, the driver. He goes about his business, dragging a tangled mass of concrete and wire.

25 INT. MARISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Salvaging pieces of her broken statue. Marisa hears the destruction going on in the cafe. There's nothing she can do. She curses in Spanish.

26 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

Pamela closes a window; the noise of the bulldozers is reduced, but she can hear the laughter and breaking glass downstairs. She goes to a wardrobe and ~~briskly~~ starts packing her clothes.

BAT 017

27 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry's on the floor, gathering up the mosaic tiles. The sounds from the cafe finally get to him. Grimacing, he turns the volume of the TV up to full blast. Another happy commercial.

28 EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - DAY

Panicked and out of breath, Frank sees a large, black LIMOUSINE pulling away from one of the construction trailers. He runs in front of the car, forcing it to stop.

FRANK

Lacey! You son-of-a-bitch! You're not getting away with it!

He hurries to one of the smoked rear windows. Raps on the glass.

FRANK

Lacey! Open up and face me like a man!

No response. Frank pounds on the window again.

FRANK

You're not gonna buy me out. You're gonna pay for everything you had 'em break! You don't play Monopoly with my life, you crook! You oughta wait till people are dead before you try to bury them! Lacey!??

The window slowly winds down. There's no one in the back of the car.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

KOVACS

The electric partition window rolls down: NELSON KOVACS is up front, next to the chauffeur. He's a well-dressed, well-rehearsed young real estate executive.

KOVACS

You really think he'd come down here? Take the money, Mr. Riley. It's our last offer.

BAT 0175

The limousine drives off. Frank looks around -- the bulldozers have stopped. Gus and some other hardhats are looking at him.

29 EXT. CAFE - DAY

Frank follows two NYC COPS out of the trashed cafe to their squad car parked in front.

COP #1

What do you want us to do, Mr. Riley?

FRANK

Send them up the river. For life!
I'm not scared! You arrest them,
I'll testify.

COP #1

You know what'll happen-- they'll have eighteen witnesses saying they were somewhere else, and when they get out they'll come after you again.

Frank stares furiously at the police.

FRANK

Then patrol the neighborhood, for crying out loud!

The cop takes a skeptical look at the ruins around them.

COP #1

What neighborhood?

A cab pulls up, discharging MASON BAYLOR, a young, frustrated artist. He's with an older, well-dressed woman, MRS. THOMPSON. Mason freezes as he sees the cops.

MASON

What the hell happened?

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED: (1)

FRANK

Mind your own business. *

MASON

I live here. Upstairs.

FRANK

Oh yeah, I've seen you. You're
in Moscovitz' place.

BAT 0175*

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. THOMPSON
Mr. Baylor? You honestly think I
could recommend this building for
historic preservation?

Mason peers into the wrecked cafe.

MASON
Mrs. Thompson, really, it was **BAT**
much better shape this morning. **0175**

MRS. THOMPSON
(gently)
I doubt that.

MASON
Look at those mouldings, that cornice!
Wrought iron! Don't you like ornament?
Get back and look at the proportions!
There's style here, dignity!

*
*
*
*

MRS. THOMPSON
(shaking her head)
There's nothing left here to preserve.

MASON
This one's still here! It can be
saved! Restored!

MRS. THOMPSON
We do have a minimum standard--
that the structure is intact and
liveable. You don't even have that.

MASON
(lamely)
People live here...

A big tractor rumbles past.

MRS. THOMPSON
(looking around)
Not for long.

30 INT. CAFE/WRECKED - DAY

Frank is surrounded by the ruins of his beloved cafe. He
picks up a smashed family photo, lost in memories.

SID
Animals. They had fun.

Sid and Muriel come through the kitchen doorway.
CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED: (1)

FRANK

(shaken)

As long as we're here together,
we ain't licked, right?

SID

Well ...

BAT

0175

FRANK

Well what? We beat'em or go down
with the ship!

Faye's familiar voice rings out from upstairs.

FAYE (o.s.)

Frankie! Where are you?

MURIEL

Faye deserves a nicer place than
this, Frank. I mean she's getting
to where she needs ... a nicer place.

FRANK

Say, what's got into you two?

SID

(gruff)

We're just thinking of Faye.

MURIEL

She's worse, Frank.

FRANK

What are you talking about?
She's fine.

SID

It's time to pull out, pal.

FRANK

Pull out, my ass! She loves this
place, it's her whole world!

SID

Frank, she's like a mobile home.
She takes her whole world with her
wherever she goes.

FRANK

We can't move! You want to finish
her off, is that what you want?

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK(cont.)

(firm)

We'll organize. Neighborhood
watch.

SID

Frank! There's nothing anymore
to watch.

BAT

0175

FRANK

The building, then. We'll organize
the building!

SID

Who's in the building? Strangers!
Who wants to get involved? Nobody!

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:(3)

FRANK

They can't take your home if you
don't let 'em! I grew up down here!
So did you! Remember the old days?
Tough guys, Sid, tough!

Sid and Muriel exchange a pained, guilty look.

BAT

0175

31 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

Mason trails after Pamela, who struggles with a heavy load
of jam-packed designer luggage.

MASON

Give you a hand? What do you mean
give you a hand! This whole thing
is stupid!

PAMELA

(struggling)

I took the wine. It was my wine.
My wine, your beer. And the Sun Ra
tapes and the clock radio.

They reach the splintered door.

MASON

All right, you're so nervous, I'll
get a new door.

PAMELA

It's not the door, Mason. It's you.
You and your fascination with this
place.

MASON

I like it here!

=

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

PAMELA

Of course you do! It's dark and depressing!

MASON

No it's not! This building is beautiful! So is the neighborhood!

PAMELA

Great. I'm surrounded by the ~~other~~ woman and she's a mess.

MASON

It's reality, and reality is what I paint, you understand?

PAMELA

This is the Eighties, Mason. Nobody likes reality anymore.

He angrily crosses to a column covered with notes, sketches and bills. He pulls down a letter.

MASON

What about this?

PAMELA

It's a form letter. There's a hundred artists out there with that same letter taped to the same wall.

MASON

They're looking at my stuff! Galleries are slow, you know that!

PAMELA

Slow? You got that last October. Admit it, Mason. It's time to quit.

MASON

How would you know?

PAMELA

You said so yourself! You said you were going nowhere. You could do analytical de-construction. Hard edge. Neo-geo. But no. You've got to be the Andrew Wyeth of the East Village.

EAT 0175

31A INT. MARISA'S APT. - DAY

Marisa leans close to her door in the adjacent apartment, eavesdropping. She can hear Pamela come out into the hallway.

32 INT. 3RD FLOOR STAIRWELL - DAY

Pamela is marching down the stairs.

PAMELA

Go home to your father and sell
Rec-Vees or vans or whatever they're
called. But get out of here, for
God's sake! And I kept telling
my friends it was so cool living
with an artist.

She whirls on him one last time..

PAMELA

You never once asked to paint me
nude!

33 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

Mason slams his splintered door and charges angrily up to the top floor of his work space.

33A INT. LOFT - UPSTAIRS - DAY

He gazes at his paintings. His expression slowly changes. Doubt creeps in.

34 OMIT

35 EXT. THE BUILDING.- DAY

Late afternoon -- the hardhats have gone home. Carlos and his pals, perched on bulldozers, spot a MOVING VAN coming down the street. They run alongside it, cheering.

BAT 0175

36 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Frank leans out of his apartment and frowns, puzzled. Moving men go by, carrying chairs and lamps. He looks across the hall and sees Sid Hogenson staring at him.

SID

It's okay, Frank. She's here.
She's been helping.

Frank approaches, making way for a man carrying some old pictures. Sid clears his throat uncomfortably.

SID

I phoned Donald. He made all
the arrangements.

BAT 0175

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:(1)

Frank shakes his head, aghast.

FRANK

For what? A funeral?

SID

We're going to Hoboken. A home for senior citizens. Look.

He presses a color brochure into Frank's hand. Frank doesn't even glance at it.

FRANK

You took the money? You took that bastard's money?

Muriel appears, carrying shopping bags.

MURIEL

There's cold cereal in here, some Libby's canned fruit, but she won't eat the cherries. And beans. She loves beans.

Faye comes out of the Hogenson's apartment, in straw hat and sunglasses, ready for a holiday.

FAYE

It's the Love Boat to Cuba! Shuffleboard! And pineapples filled with rum. You know what they do, they put a little paper umbrella sticking out the top, so when it rains it don't thin out the liquor.

MURIEL

Here's her Inderal, four times a day after meals and at bedtime. Hydro-diuril twice a day. Don't forget.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:(2)

Intimidated, Frank takes the drugs and instructions. *

FRANK

Okay, I won't forget. I got it, okay. *

Frank's face is grim. Muriel hugs him.

MURIEL

Oh, Frank... we're tired! This isn't
a home anymore. It's the end of the
world. BAT 0175

A pleasant-looking middle-aged man comes up the stairs. It's
DONALD, the Hogenson's son.

DONALD

Hi, everyone. All set, Dad?

FAYE

Who's that? Bobby?

MURIEL

It's Donald, Faye. My son, Donald.

DONALD

Hello, Mrs. Riley.

FAYE

Your son? All grown up?

(she squints at him)

Naw. Can't be. It's the man from
Hydrex. The ant man. Come on in,
Mister. They're all over the kitchen.

She bustles into the Riley apartment. She can be heard,
stamping on the floor.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED: (3)

MURIEL
(kissing Frank)
Good-bye, Frank.

FAYE(o.s.)
Look at 'em run! They know they
got trouble.

SID
(to Frank)
Say good-bye for us, okay?

BAT 0175

FRANK
(bleak)
Hell, she won't even know you're
gone.

37 OMIT

37A INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The empty hallways, the once-elegant stair rails, the dusty
light fixtures; and a faraway sound...

37B INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Tap tap. Tap tap. The deserted corridor echoes with the
sound of someone working in the front hall. It's Harry,
with a small hammer, a glue pot and a plastic bag full of
tiles. He's trying to fit the mosaic street number -
817 - back into place. It's not going well. *

37C INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The TV, as always, is on. Harry enters and slowly dumps
all the tiles into his wastebasket.

38 INT. MARISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marisa stands at her mirror, pulling her shirt tight to
highlight her growing belly. Then she sits down near the
open window, solemnly studying a photo of a young, handsome
kid with a guitar. Suddenly something SLAMS down just out
side the window sill! She jumps up, frightened, then sees: *

39 INT. BUILDING - MARISA'S WINDOW - NIGHT

It's a large Mason Baylor original, unframed. It balances momentarily on the ledge before falling off into the night. Marisa approaches the window. Another painting sails past, and another and another... *

40 INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

Mason shoves one more canvas through the window, then slams it shut. He flops face down onto an old couch.

BAT 0175

41 EXT. MARISA'S APT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Marisa leans out and looks down through the fire escape.

41A EXT. BUILDING - MARISA'POV - NIGHT

Mason's canvasses lie scattered in the street.

42 OMIT

43 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dresser is covered with bottles of medicine and pills of every color. Frank squints at the labels, then consults Muriel's note.

FRANK

Come on out, Faye, and let's do this.

Faye yells from behind the bathroom door.

FAYE

Where's Muriel?

FRANK

Smells like a cherry cordial, this stuff.

He sniffs a bottle of red liquid.

FAYE

Muriel!?

FRANK

I'm Muriel now. I'm coming in, Faye.

FAYE

Hold it! I'm not dressed! Send Frank. Frank?

FRANK

(patient)

Yes?

FAYE

Who's that?

BAT 0175 *

CONTINUED

REV: 09/10/86

43

CONTINUED:

FRANK
It's Frank. I'm Frank now.

FAYE
(sweetly)
Okay.

BAT 0175

He opens the door.

43A

INT. RILEY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - ~~DAY~~ NIGHT

Faye is standing in the bathtub, fully dressed, holding the shower curtain around her body.

FAYE
Put on the red record.

FRANK
We don't have a red record.

FAYE
Muriel has a red record. Makes the pills go down.

FRANK
(measuring out medicine)
Say ahh.

Faye
~~MURIEL~~
No. Muriel and I say "Frog"....
Fraaaaaa----

Frank puts the spoon in her mouth. Faye smacks her lips. As he takes her by the wrist to lead her from the room, she pauses to look at herself in the mirror. Almost in a trance, she turns to her husband and gives him a tender kiss on the lips. Frank looks at her with bleak nostalgia.

43B

INT. RILEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - BED - NIGHT

Faye opens the windows and climbs into bed.

FAYE
I'm gonna clean up the cafe, Frank.
I'm gonna clean it up right now.
Or maybe first thing in the morning.
Don't you worry about a thing, okay?

CONTINUED

43B CONTINUED:

FRANK

Okay.

FAYE

(singing)

"Just around the corner, there's
a rainbow in the sky..."

BAT 0175

FRANK

(singing)

"Let's have another cup of coffee,
let's have another piece of pie."

She pats him reassuringly on the head; Frank turns off the
bedside light.

FAYE

Did we miss the sunset?

44 INT. RILEY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spread out on the coffee table are pieces of the torn family
photo, along with the shattered frame and cracked glass.
Frank comes in and sits down in his favorite armchair. He
picks up the envelope from Carlos and looks inside; full of
cash. Then he pulls out the retirement brochure.

THE BROCHURE

Frank unfolds it. Color photos show old folks in a cafe-
teria, watching TV and even on horseback

FRANK

His determination gives way to a growing sense of their
true position. They don't have a chance.

FRANK

(a whisper)

Help us, please. Somebody.

45 INT. RILEY BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The bedroom window is slightly open. The faraway sounds of
the city -- sirens, horns, dogs barking -- float through the
night. As a light breeze stirs Faye's hair, a new sound
mixes in. It is like the humming of a bee hovering above a
flower.

But it is not a honeybee that buzzes near the window.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

It is an extremely small flying saucer.

No more than ten inches across, the tiny machine hums and coos as it tentatively peeks into the room. It's bottom rotor spins smoothly, and its twin headlights shine like a pair of bright yellow eyes.

The little object floats in.

BAT 0175

45A SAUCER POV

A wide, fish-eye view of the room. Left. Right. Moving toward Faye. The lights cross her closed eyes and she squints in her sleep. Then she brushes at the saucer as if it were a flying insect. The tiny machine wobbles away.

46 INT RILEY LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Frank is asleep in his chair. The saucer flies close to his face, but is blown back as he suddenly snores. Again, the saucer approaches, and again, Frank snores it away.

46A INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The saucer passes smoothly through the kitchen, but just as it leaves the room, it turns around and comes back. It approaches the counter, buzzing with excitement. **BAT 0175**

46B SAUCER POV

There on the wall, behind the toaster, is an ELECTRICAL OUTLET.

47 INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The saucer zips to the window and blinks its lights in a short, agitated sequence.

48 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

Distant lights flash in reply, and soon another saucer swoops down, this one smoother and more... voluptuous. A she; MA SAUCER.

49 INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

She tries to squeeze through the narrow opening but has difficulty. Her mate, PA SAUCER pries up the window a notch and lets her in.

50 INT. RILEY APT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ma Saucer flies down the hallway, but something is amiss. Her saucer lights are dimming. Her soft, smooth HUM is sporadic. She wobbles and starts losing altitude.

50A SAUCER POV

...skimming unsteadily along the floor, the approaching kitchen counter looming up like the Andes.

51

INT. RILEY KITCHEN - COUNTER TOP - NIGHT

The little saucer's HIGH-PITCHED WHINE grows louder and more frantic. Flickering headlights strain to look over the edge of the counter. The WHINE sputters and the saucer plummets from view. After a time, we hear the furious WHINE again and Ma Saucer reappears. This time she fires a little grappling hook which latches onto the toaster. The saucer then reels herself onto the counter with an electronic GASP.

BAT 0175

52 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - SAUCER

With a HISS of steam, a door opens, forming a ramp. Silhouetted against a blaze of white light is a DARK, HORNED FIGURE.

ANGLE

BAT 0175

Now we can see it's not a horned figure at all -- it's a plug of some kind. It finds its way up to an electric outlet, rears back like a cobra, and jams itself in. The little saucer wriggles happily, as if warming her butt at a campfire. Her lights grow brighter and a HUM starts rising...

52A INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Frank is still sleeping in his chair. The lamp beside him flickers!

53 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights and noises in the armoire. Then a flimsy nightie floats out. It's Pa Saucer, whose high beams shine through the gauze. He cruises silently over the bed, a friendly ghost in the night.

54 INT. RILEY KITCHEN - MA SAUCER - NIGHT

As she reaches full power, she explodes from the kitchen plug and zips around the room, doing happy loops and spins. Suddenly, she slams on her air brakes and beeps a shrill ALARM.

55 INT. RILEY KITCHEN DOORWAY - NIGHT

It's Pa Saucer, hovering under the nightie. Ma flies to him, scolding. She extends a chrome gripper and pulls the night dress off her mate. More angry saucer noises.

56 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faye hears the sound, stirs and sits up.

57 INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM - SAUCER POV - NIGHT

Fish-eye again, past the sleeping Frank, stopping over the torn and smashed cafe photo.

58 REPAIR

Ma joins Pa, flitting to and fro over the wreckage, CHUCKING and CHIRPING testily. Such a mess! Pa slowly and deliberately extends a gripper, lifting a piece of glass...

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED:

Ma just as deliberately lifts a torn piece of photo...

59 INT. RILEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faye gets out of bed and closes the armoire. She hears a strange, busy sound in the livingroom. She comes to the bedroom door and looks out at the coffee table... BAT 0173 *

59A INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM - FAYE'S POV - NIGHT

...BLUR CITY! The saucers work at super-speed, stitching and mending the photograph. They spot Faye, freeze, and scurry behind a chair.

60 INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM - BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Faye shows no reaction. She walks over to Frank, sleeping in his armchair, and lifts the glasses off his face. She puts on his oversize horn rims and turns back to see the family photo.

It's completely repaired, glass and all, good as new. Nodding with satisfaction, Faye puts it on the mantle and shakes Frank, trying to wake him up. Suddenly, she hears a THUMP.

61 INT. RILEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Faye flips on the light. There's her nightie, lying on the floor. Now she hears a SCRAPING sound. She looks: *

FAYE'S POV

Something beyond the door is pulling the toaster by its cord.

FAYE

gets her broom, ready to go hunting. She follows the toaster.

62 INT. HALLWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

The toaster goes BUMP, BUMP, BUMP up the steps. Faye leans around a corner at the bottom and looks up after it, squinting.

63

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The toaster skitters into an old pigeon coop on the other side of the roof. Her face alight with anticipation, Faye, goes to the little door and leans in.

BAT 0175

64 INT. THE PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

is littered with debris. Faye rattles her broom in an old, fifty-five gallon oil drum. Nothing inside but the toaster cord. She pulls it, and drags out the toaster with Pa Saucer Sitting on top! Faye jerks backward in surprise, knocking her head; her face is caught in harsh white beam. It's Ma Saucer, inches away! Faye screams.

BAT 0175

64A EXT. ROOF - PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

comes to sudden, brilliant life! With an electrical crackle, shards of hot white light explode from inside the slats, illuminating the night sky over the building.

CUT TO:

65 INT. RILEY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Faye, still in Frank's horn rims, sits quietly at the kitchen table, staring at the dishes in the cupboard. Frank sets a bowl of Shredded Wheat before her.

FRANK

Muriel left bananas. You want a banana on this?

No answer -- Faye just picks up a plastic breakfast plate and scrutinizes it. Frank gets out a couple of slices of bread and looks for the toaster. Not there.

FRANK

Where's the goddamn toaster?

Faye spins the plate across the room; it clatters to the floor. Frank sighs and picks it up. Smack! Another plate hits the wall next to him. Frank patiently retrieves it.

FRANK

How about some juice first? Some juice with your pills.

He watches sadly as she turns a saucer over and over in her hands.

FAYE

They forget how to fly.

Frank nods to himself, coming to a bitter decision. He puts the dishes back on the table, then leaves the room.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED:

FRANK

You start, okay? I'll just be a minute.

Whack! Faye flips the saucer against the wall.

FAYE

Fly now! Come on, fly away home!

66 OMIT

67 INT. RILEY LIVINGROOM - MORNING

BAT 0175

Frank sits at a desk, fishes out the retirement brochure, and pats his pockets; then he remembers Faye's wearing his glasses. He feels around in the desk and comes up with Faye's tiny rimless spectacles. He puts them on, focusses on the phone number and starts dialing. As the number rings, his gaze moves to the mantle, where he sees the repaired photograph.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Hilltop Retirement Villa. May I help you? *

Frank's attention is rivetted on the photo.

TELEPHONE VOICE

This is Hilltop Retirement Villa-- hello? *

Frank puts the receiver down and goes to the mantle. He picks up the photograph, dumbfounded.

67A INT. RILEY KITCHEN - MORNING

Clutching the picture, Frank comes back into the kitchen.

FRANK

Faye? What is this?

But she's not there. The kitchen door is open to the outside corridor.

68 INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry kneels on the floor, agog. The mosaic tiles are laid out in a neat, organized pattern all over the floor. He looks around the room, mystified and sees his front door is open. He peers fearfully into the hall.

69 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

BAT 0175

Bleary-eyed, Mason awakens and looks around. His wall of paintings is empty. He suddenly remembers what he has done and rushes to the window.

70 EXT. BUILDING - MASON'S POV - DAY

Down below, no paintings. And in the street, moving away, is a garbage truck...

71 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

Mason rushes for the door, then stops. He gapes at...

HIS PAINTS & BRUSHES

lined up on the floor, in nice, tidy rows. Color coordinated, too.

72 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mason steps into the corridor, then stops cold. He turns to look back at his door: flawlessly repaired. At that moment, clad in a bathrobe, Marisa comes out from her room. She's clutching her statue -- good as new. *

MASON

Hello.

Startled, Marisa jumps back.

MASON

Don't worry. I live here. 3B.

Blushing, Marisa holds out the statue, as though somehow he might explain. *

MARISA

Someone was in my room. 3C.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED:

MASON

Yeah, me too. I think we have elves.

Frank Riley puffs up the stairs, the photo tucked under one arm. He looks at them, startled.

FRANK

Who're you?

BAT 0175

Marisa shyly takes a step back, pointing to her doorway.

FRANK

(hurrying by)

3C? That's the old Grandey place.
Have either of you seen--

FAYE (o.s.)

Up here, Frankie! Get a load of
this!

73 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Faye holds a muffin tin filled with nuts and bolts. These she scatters like chicken feed, near the pigeon coop.

FAYE

Bz-bz-bz-bz ... Frank? Where are you?

Frank appears at the roof stairs, followed by Mason and Marisa.

FRANK

Come on, Faye. Time to go back
downstairs.

FAYE

But I'm feeding them. They like this
stuff.

(sprinkling nails)

Bz-bz-bz-bz... watch this... bz-
bz-bz-bz..

Mason and Marisa have come a little closer. Frank gives them an embarrassed, pleading look.

FRANK

Our son kept birds. You know,
pigeons?

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED:

FRANK(cont.)

(to Faye)

Faye... please don't do this.
Not now, okay?

FAYE

Bz-bz-bz-bz-...

Mason sees the toaster cord trailing from the coop; he peers inside. **BAT 0175**

73A INT. COOP - MASON'S POV

Inside is a small collection of metal junk-- the toaster, a large frying pan, art supplies, a few of Harry's trophies...

73B EXT. ROOF - BACK TO SCENE

As Marisa peers over Mason's shoulder into the coop.

MARISA

(quiet- to Mason)

That's my frying pan. From Sears. *

FRANK

(whirling)

What???

MARISA

Nothing.

MASON

Go ahead. Tell him.

MARISA

It's... really... it's not important.

CONTINUED

73B CONTINUED: (1)

MASON

That's her frying pan. And my coffee
pot.

FRANK

(to Faye, mortified)

No more pigeons, hon. Time to stop.

Faye continues bzzzzing and pitching saucer feed. Frank
suddenly seizes Faye's arm. The feed clatters on the roof
top.

FRANK

I said stop that!

FAYE

(astonished)

Frank...!

FRANK

My God, Faye, you went into these
people's apartments?

FAYE

Not me. Them. The little guys. Here--
(she holds out the can)
--feed the kitties, they stay!

Agonized, Frank takes Faye's hands, holding them tight.

FRANK

Faye, I need you to be with me
right now. I need you to be here.

FAYE

I'm here, Papa. I'm with you.

FRANK

(as if speaking to a child)

Now what else did you take?

FAYE

(likewise)

I told you. Nothing. The little--

FRANK

Skip that. What about this?
Where'd you get a new picture?

Faye looks at the photograph and scrutinizes their worried
faces. This is a trap.

CONTINUED

73B CONTINUED:(2)

FAYE

(careful)

It's not new. It's fixed.

FRANK

(losing patience)

Fixed like new??

FAYE

They did a good job!

FRANK

Who did??!!

FAYE

I'M NOT SAYING!!!

CONTINUED

73B CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK

Godammit Faye!!!

Frank just stands there. Faye gives him a single defiant nod. Mason flashes Frank a sympathetic, forgiving smile. *

MASON

It's okay. No harm done, really.

He disappears into the coop.

3AT 0175

MARISA

(to Frank, trying to help)

Could be giant rats... from Brooklyn.

Wham! Zap! Crash! Mason is literally tossed out on his ass, charged with a zillion volts of static electricity. His hair looks like a sea urchin. Marisa backs up fearfully.

MARISA

That was no rat!

FRANK

What was it?

Mason gets to his feet, wide-eyed.

FAYE

Who in his right mind stands in a puddle, then sticks a fork in a wall socket? Now shoo, shoo.

Faye sweeps them back toward the stairwell entrance, where Harry has been lurking, watching everything.

74 AT THE COOP

Fishing in her muffin tin for some more nuts, Faye approaches nice and easy.

FAYE

It's okay ... come on. Grandma's got fresh nuts for you, just the way you like'em, lightly oiled.

She squirts the nuts with oil and scatters them near the coop entrance. She waits. Nothing.

75 THE TENANTS

--their apprehension and frustration mounting. Faye marches over and yanks Frank's pocket watch from his pants.

FAYE

They're shy, that's all.

FAYE

BAT 0175

drops the gold watch, picks up an old flower pot and smashes the watch! Then she steps back from the coop.

76 PIGEON COOP

Finally, Ma and Pa Saucer peek out. They size up the situation -- then suddenly zip to the broken watch.

76A WATCH REPAIR

The saucers slowly extend chrome grippers... and BLUR in a frenzy over the watch. Then they stop, pushing the watch forward. All fixed.

77 THE TENANTS

are flabbergasted. Reality has just hit the wall. Frank comes forward, eyes huge. He slowly bends down to retrieve the watch. ZIP!! The saucers grab it and disappear back inside.

78 INT. CAFE/RESTORED - DAY

CAMERA starts CLOSE on salt and pepper shakers. They are clean and shiny-new. PULL OUT AND MOVE slowly around the cafe revealing more and more. It is TOTALLY RESTORED! Chairs, tables, upholstery, glassware, pictures, wall-paper -- it's all back together. SHOT ENDS on thunderstruck Mason, Marisa, and Frank, standing with a smiling Faye in the doorway.

FAYE

They're the fixers. They like to fix things. They've got that knack.

Faye punches A-27 on the glittering jukebox - "Moonlight Serenade." She grabs Frank and makes him dance.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED:

FAYE
Dance me around, Papa.

Baffled and helpless, Frank lets her whirl him around his beloved cafe. A blurry smile spreads over his face.

FAYE
(yelling over the music)
Come on, you kids! Step, step, ~~side!~~ **BAT**
Put some Astaire into it!

0175

Shaken, Marisa looks at Mason, who gropes for a stool at the counter. He sits down heavily, his mind reeling.

79 EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

The limousine pulls up out front. A window rolls down and Kovacs looks out, scowling as he hears the music. He picks up a telephone, starts punching buttons.

80 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Clutching one of his trophies, Harry peers cautiously out his doorway. Whoosh! He ducks just in time as Pa Saucer whips past, carrying an old bucket up the stairwell.

BASEMENT DOOR

Harry gingerly places his trophy at the top of the stairs, then waits. Whoosh! Ma Saucer zips through, grabbing the trophy like a mail sack. Fun: Harry likes it.

81 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Dressed outrageously, Faye wanders over to the stairwell and looks down.

82 MA SAUCER

flies right by her, carrying Harry's trophy up to the roof.

83

FAYE

gazes after the saucer, then shrugs. She goes to the Hogenson's door and sniffs.

FAYE

(big smile)

Is that muffins? Hot biscuits--?

She knocks on the Hogenson's door, then rattles the knob. The door swings open. Dusty sunlight streams down into the deserted apartment.

BAT 0175

FAYE

Muriel?

84

INT. RILEY APARTMENT - DININGROOM - DAY

Mason's on the phone, pacing back and forth, a Polaroid dangling from his neck. Behind him, Frank and Marisa sort through a stack of saucer snapshots.

MASON

(into phone)

They're not toys! They don't sell these things at Macy's! I tried the Army! They told me to call you! Are you missing anything in the way of experimental aircraft? Something very small? No? Okay, they're... they're robots, right? Or smart bombs. Autogyros. Microchip hovercraft...

FRANK

They're space ships. You can tell just by looking at them.

MARISA

(spooked)

Space ships? From outer space?

FRANK

(reassuring)

From a very small planet.

MASON

(into phone)

Yes, I do enjoy comic books. I'm a big fan of Superman. But I've also read Tolstoy, Milton and the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci! I'm highly qualified to make this call!

(CLICK - he slams down the phone)

So much for the Air Force.

*
*
*

84A INT. RILEY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Faye dumps a bagful of M&Ms into a mixing bowl, then tosses in some marshmallows. She cracks an egg on top of this, then tosses the shells into the sink.

84B PA SAUCER

swoops in from the hall outside, headed for the living room. Suddenly, he hears an egg crack. He stops and turns. Flies over to the sink, disappearing from view.

BAT 0175

84C OMIT

84D OMIT

84E FAYE

hears a sound behind her. She turns and sees Pa Saucer flying from the sink. The old lady reaches down and picks up her eggshells -- all fixed! She looks across the kitchen.

84F FAYE'S POV

Pa Saucer has flown into a breadbox. The lid slams down.

84G INT. RILEY DINING ROOM - DAY

Frank ponders the Polaroids spread out on the dining table.

FRANK

We used to collect metal. Part of the war effort. Maybe there's a war on.

MASON

In your pigeon coop?

MARISA

You didn't maybe make these things? I mean, in your art studio?

MASON

Kinetic sculpture? Me?

MARISA

Well, maybe...maybe this is all a dream.

CONTINUED

84G CONTINUED:

MASON

— Okay, if this is a dream, which one of us is having it?

FRANK

Don't look at me. I stopped dreaming a long time ago.

There is a beep from the hallway. The breadbox is there, hovering magically.

FRANK

I'm gonna talk to it.

BAT 0175

MARISA

You better be careful, Mister!

85 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

As Frank steps forward, the breadbox starts up the stairwell.

FRANK

Stop!

The breadbox floats back down and rotates toward Frank. The lid of the box flips up, revealing Pa Saucer. Frank shoots a triumphant grin at Mason and Marisa.

86 EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

Carrying an aluminum baseball bat, Carlos dodges past a few growling bulldozers and runs up to the cafe. Peering in through the sparkling windows, he recoils at the impossible perfection inside. He crosses himself.

87 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Frank gathers himself up to formally greet the bread box. Marisa and Mason watch from the Riley doorway.

FRANK

So what can I say that hasn't been said before? "Take me to your leader?"

MASON

Come on!

CONTINUED

87

CONTINUED:(1)

FRANK

Right. An old joke. "We come in peace, seeking friendship and understanding..."

MASON

That's right, lie to it.

FRANK

(to Mason, irritated)

Give me a chance, why don't you

(smiles at the saucer)

"Welcome to America!"

BAT

0175

No answer. Frank's smile fades.

FRANK

(to Marisa)

Maybe you could try some Spanish, Miss?

Marisa, still terrified, stiffly shakes her head. But Mason nods encouragement. Marisa gingerly approaches the bread-box; it backs away.

MARISA

(in Spanish)

You speak any Spanish? Don't hurt anybody, okay? You got lost? This is New York City, United States of America...

No answer. She shrugs, embarrassed. Mason gives it a try.

CONTINUED

87

CONTINUED: (2)

MASON

(to the breadbox)

Okay, are you toys? Are you controlled...uh...externally? Are you something Japanese? Okanjo kudahsai. Okanjo kudahsai.

*
*

FRANK

What's that mean?

MASON

(slightly embarrassed)

"Could I have the check please?"

I used to eat a lot of sushi.

The hall light starts to flicker. Faye yanks open the kitchen door.

BAT 0175 *

FAYE

Breakfast!

The breadbox lid snaps shut and the saucer sails up the stairwell.

88

INT. RILEY KITCHEN - DAY

The table is laid out with burned toast, candy omelettes, cans of diet soda. The light fixtures are flickering. Ma Saucer's plugged into the socket, powering up. Frank stares in renewed fascination.

FRANK

How about that!

(approaching the saucer)

Is that why you're here?

89

BLASTOFF

At his approach, the saucer rockets off the outlet, zips over and around their heads. Marisa screams; Mason pulls her down, out of harm's way. The saucer flies out the open kitchen door.

90

BACK TO MASON, FAYE AND FRANK

Mason picks himself up, then helps Marisa to her feet.

MASON

(all business)

Okay, that's it. I'm going to call the cops. I'll make them come.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED:

He yanks on his hat and walks out the door, but backpedals into the room, staring at someone in the hall.

91 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Carlos holds the bat menacingly.

CARLOS

You need cops, Picasso? Come on, call a cop.

FAYE

Bobby!

CARLOS

Hey, lady. My name's not Bobby.

FAYE

Excuse me! "Robert!"
(to Marisa)

Mr. Big.

CARLOS

Shut up! I saw downstairs. Who's cleaning up after me?

A big cooking pot sails down the hall, right into Carlos' head. He goes sprawling, dropping the bat. He scrambles to his feet and looks around, fuming.

CARLOS

Whoever threw that is ruined, man!
You hear me? Hospitalized!

Aha-- he sees Harry, timorously coming up the stairs. Just then, BEEP! Carlos spins around. The pot is hovering right behind his head! It rotates and heads off up the stairs.

92 GARBAGE CAN

At that moment, a small trash can comes rolling rapidly down the hall. Carlos leaps aside as if the thing were a cobra. The can pauses next to the bat, and suddenly yanks it inside. Then it rolls on up the stairs, RATTLE-BUMP, RATTLE-BUMP. Shaken, Carlos whirls on the tenants.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED:

CARLOS
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

93 THE TENANTS

all give him dead-pan stares, and shrug in unison.

94 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Carlos springs out onto the roof. He hears RATTLING and CLINKING from the pigeon coop. He circles it warily.

CARLOS
Whoever's in there ... you got big trouble, man.

He kicks the side of the coop hard. An angry electronic SNARL comes from within. Carlos jumps back. What was that?

Carlos cautiously backs up, his courage waning. He turns and sees the tenants gathering on the roof stairs, watching him. Summoning up some macho, he closes in on the door of the coop, where the latest junk is spilling out like fruit from a cornucopia. And there's the bat. He grabs it and yanks. It yanks back. He's in a tug of war with something unseen!

Mason calls with all seriousness.

MASON
Carlos...actually, I wouldn't do that...

Too late. The bat is yanked with such force that Carlos is pulled right into the coop. BANG! CRASH! EEK! OW! Carlos rolls out. His hair is sticking straight out, and his clothes look like he walked through a bread slicer. He scrambles away in blind fear and dives down the fire escape, taking it a floor at a time.

MASON & MARISA

rush to the edge of the roof and look down, cheering.

95 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Carlos running like a spooked gazelle across the urban veldt.

CUT TO:

*

96 OMIT

96A INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

A couple of burgers are sizzling on the grill. Frank gives them a professional flip and sets them on buns. He carries a couple of luncheon platters out to the cafe..

97 INT. CAFE - DAY

BAT 0175

A bunch of hardhats are peering curiously through the sparkling plate glass window. Frank serves a couple of uniformed cops. Egged on by his pals, Gus politely enters.

GUS

Smells good, Pop. You back in business?

FRANK

(proud)

What does it smell like?

GUS

Okay if I come in?

FRANK

Sit down!

Gus gestures to his friends, who give a cheer and bustle inside.

*

(*)

97A INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

A raw patty sits on the grill; Pa Saucer floats down, his underside glowing cherry red. Pfzzzzzt! A steam cloud erupts around the meat; Pa Saucer lifts off, revealing a nicely-browned burger!

97B INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - MA SAUCER'S POV - DAY

A wide-angle look at Harry's eager face. He's down on his hands and knees, backing away down the basement corridor, sprinkling nuts and bolts as he goes. Camera follows. Harry disappears into his room.

BAT 0179

97C MA SAUCER

advances down the hallway, pausing to inspect the leggy calendar girls who adorn the cellar walls.

98 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The big man is tossing metal contents of an ancient tool chest onto the floor, his eyes shining. He wants a friend.

98A MA SAUCER

hovers uncertainly in the doorway, looking.

99 HER POV

Harry's TV is on, as usual. A commercial features dancing legs, clad in fancy nylons.

100 MA SAUCER

flies close to the TV screen, fascinated.

She BEEPS with interest. Suddenly, BANGS and CLANGS resound within her hull...foundry sounds! Hatches on her undercarriage glow with hot, white light; welding sparks drop to the floor!

101 HARRY

gapes in wonder. Something new is definitely underway.

102

INT. CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank hangs up his apron as Mason comes in through the kitchen.

FRANK

Yowza! What a day! First
burgers I've served in a year!
Hell, they fixed my grill! Now
I feel I'm gonna burst! What a
secret we got!

BAT

0175

MASON

(grim)

Yeah! But whose secret? I'm going
to take a look inside that thing.

Producing a magnifying glass, pliers and screwdriver, he
bends over Pa Saucer, who is perched atop a stack of dishes.

FRANK

Jesus, don't mess with him!
What if he's radioactive?

But Mason leans close to the saucer.

CONTINUED

(*)

102 CONTINUED:(2)

MASON

Easy, now, little guy. I'm just gonna check your label to see where it says "Made in the USA".

FRANK

No! You'll queer our luck! This is the golden goose! He's laying eggs, for Pete's sake!

BAT 0175

103 MASON'S POV - FRONT OF SAUCER

Through the magnifying glass: a glimpse of a tiny, busy world. Lights racing, dots streaming, colonies of movement and life.

MASON

Wow...!

104 REAR OF SAUCER

But something is happening inside Pa saucer...little sparks, like a miniature foundry...an area of intense, hot light. Pa is building something, and, wouldn't you know it, an arm with five facsimile fingers -- a human flyswatter -- slowly extends from a hatch. SWAT! It knocks the magnifying lens from Mason's hand!

MASON

Ow!

Having outlived its utility, the hand is discarded onto the counter in a burst of sparks. Marvelling, Frank picks it up; he points it at Mason.

FRANK

Serves you right. Neighbor.
(to the saucer)
He didn't mean to pry. He's...he's just being scientific.

Mason grabs the metal hand. Looks at it closely.

MASON

(reading)
"Sunbeam"
(to Frank, agog)
This...this...is...was...my old coffee pot!

CONTINUED

104

CONTINUED:

Frank takes the hand, examines it and chuckles.

FRANK

Looks like its been percolated.

MASON

Who are they, Frank? What's so special about our roof?

Frank sighs, remembering how he ~~s~~ ^{is} in despair, asking for help.

BAT 0175

FRANK

Maybe it was me.

MASON

You?

FRANK

Me and Faye...we needed help.

MASON

(thinking it over)

You mean, they came for you?

Frank pointedly takes away the magnifying glass and screw-driver.

FRANK

(gruff again)

The quickest way to end a miracle is to ask it what it wants and why it is.

Suddenly, Harry bursts in through the kitchen, proudly carrying a thumping cardboard box. Wordlessly, he sets it down on one of the tables.

104A

BOX

As Harry lifts the lid, a pair of chrome legs is revealed... walking! It's Ma Saucer, strutting proudly on a newly-made pair of legs.

104B

AT THE COUNTER

Frank and Mason gawk. So does Pa Saucer.

FRANK

Oh, my word! Would you look at her!

CONTINUED

104B CONTINUED:

Pa Saucer doesn't approve. Making scolding sounds, he zips over to the table.

104C SAUCER SPAT

Ma Saucer dances away on her new legs as Pa tries to confront her. He finally corners her near the napkin dispenser. He shoots out a gripper and ~~knocks~~ ^{snaps} it ~~noisily~~ against her legs.

BAT 0175

105 MA SAUCER

kicks him away, then abruptly drops her new legs and zooms off in a huff. *

105A PA SAUCER

flings the discarded legs across the room, then flies after Ma. *

105B MASON

runs to pick up the small, shiny legs.

106 INT. CAFE KITCHEN - VENT HOOD

Pa Saucer chases Ma up the vent over the stove. Frank, Mason and Harry cluster underneath, craning their necks. Mason checks the saucer legs.

MASON
(showing Frank)
"...esting". Testing?

FRANK
Resting? Nesting?

MASON
Westing?

FRANK
--house! My toaster!

107 EXT. ROOFTOP - EARLY EVENING

The two saucers explode from the chimney and into the evening sky.

108 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faye rummages in a closet, flinging clothes onto the bed -- shirts, trousers, and little boy clothing. A Mousketeer T-shirt, a few toys.

FAYE
Tinkering under the Ford he gets his shirts so filthy I have to haul him out by the sneakers. And after

CONTINUED

108

CONTINUED:

FAYE (cont)

midnight, too! That boy still needs a mother. Heaven knows, that car is more a father to him than Frank some-days.

Faye lifts up an old workshirt, still stained but falling to rags.

FAYE

BAT 0175

These Bardol stains need spit and a good workout between two rocks. Heaven knows I've tried everything from Borax to mouthwash...and what's your name, dear?

MARISA

Marisa.

FAYE

Marisa. Boy, my memory, like the navy -- coming and going, coming and going.

Faye blinks, seeming to drift away from reality.

FAYE

I've got his pajamies, his tickle socks...I'll bet there's even a few diapers around here...Can't throw anything away.

(she holds up the Mickey T-shirt)

He loves Annette the most! His best friend, Ralph DeLuga, loves Cubby, so Frank doesn't want them playing together!

She laughs merrily.

108A

SCRAP BOOK

Marisa leafs through a scrapbook, looking at shots of Frank, Faye, and also of their son, Bobby. There's a smiling portrait of him wearing a tuxedo and crewcut. Handwritten beneath: "Bobby- 18." Shoved in beneath the picture is a newspaper article. The yellowed clipping carries the same picture of Bobby, but the headline is hidden.

108B INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marisa looks concerned.

MARISA

How old is your son, Mrs. Riley?

FAYE

Bobby? Why, let me see... he's
just had a birthday... I gotta think...

She looks vaguely at the photo, drifting...

FAYE

He's got his father's ears. He...
he... and Frank don't get along so
good... Frank's got a terrible temper,
you know.

Faye's worried eyes focus on Marisa's face. Then she
brightens again.

FAYE

You're gonna love being a mother!

There is a yell from the hallway.

FRANK (o.s.)

Faye, get a load of this!

109 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Marisa and Faye come out onto the roof. Frank shows them
where to look.

110 COURTSHIP

The saucers are flying lazily around the far side of the
roof, coupled together. They sweep slowly past the tenants'
astonished faces, then drift into the pigeon coop.

110A INT. COOP - NIGHT

The cans, appliances and metal junk from the building are
pushed up against the flank of the oil drum. The saucers
have created a little igloo of debris!

They float inside it, glowing happily. Down comes the door--
a squashed piece of wire mesh.

*

110B EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The tenants stare in wonder.

MASON

What are they doing???

FAYE

Can't you feel it?

BAT

0175

Light glows out between the slats of the coop, brighter and brighter. The entire structure vibrates and shudders; the light goes pink for a moment...then we hear both saucers happily SIGH.

MARISA

(softly, with dwindling conviction)

But they're machines!

Everyone is silent while this sinks in. Marisa's hands move to her belly.

MASON

Well, now wait a minute. For all we know they could be rabbits from another galaxy! We could end up with hundreds of these little Frisbees flying all over the place.

FRANK

So what? We got vacancies on every floor!

CUT TO:

111 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harry clips a heavy-duty extension cord into the main electric box. Then he tosses the coil of wire to the top of the basement steps.

111A INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wire lands at Frank's feet. He glances down the steps at Harry's serious face; then he attaches another extension cord and gives it a tug. Someone above starts pulling it up.

111B OMIT

112 OMIT

BAT 0175

*

*

113 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marisa hauls on the wires, pulling them up through the stairwell. She looks over at Mason, who watches dubiously from his doorway.

MARISA

Well?

Mason looks at her: she's got coils of wire criss-crossed over her shoulders like bandoliers. He smiles and takes the cords from her. He scampers up the stairs, laying down electric wire as he goes.

114 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Faye is waiting at the door to the coop. Mason pulls the cable as far as it will go... Not quite long enough. Faye looks up at an old light fixture. Pa Saucer is hovering near it, bumping against the bulb, sputtering and whining.

FAYE

Hold on, honey. Help is on the way.

(yelling outside)

Come on, Frankie! The moths are starving!

FRANK

approaches, winded, shaking his head.

FRANK

Anymore?

Marisa plods up the steps, puffing.

MARISA

No more.

But Harry appears behind her, loaded with strings of Christmas tree lights. He hands them to Frank.

FRANK

Well, what do you know! Thanks, Harry.

No reply.

CONTINUED

(*)

114 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Come on, say something. Talk to me.
I saw you fight, Harry Noble, the
human locomotive!

(to Mason)

He had a tremendous right. Tremendous.
Never says a word.

He plugs in the Christmas bulbs. **BAT 0175** They flash inconspicuously.

115 PIGEON COOP

Pa Saucer peers out from behind his half-open nest door,
tilting up to scrutinize Frank, who holds out the cords.

FRANK

It's all we got. Come on. Take
it. It's okay. We're neighbors.

Pa backs nervously away.

CONTINUED

(*)

115 CONTINUED:

FRANK

----- He doesn't trust us...

Harry takes the cords and hunkers down. He solemnly looks deep into Pa Saucer's glassy eyes. The little saucer BEEPS, grabs the cords and drags them in. We hear a contented, healthy HUM from Ma inside. Everyone smiles.

FRANK

(confidential, to Mason)

Harry Noble, I used to bet on him.
Had a helluva right, you should
have seen him.

EAT

0175

116 EXT. BURNED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

A burned-out building sits a block away, awaiting destruction. Most of the windows are boarded up, but up near the top, a figure is perched with binoculars..

117 INT. SCORCHED ROOM - DAY

Carlos leans on the window sill, glued to every movement on the tenement rooftop. Behind him, his goons lounge on the dirty floor equipped with telescopes and cheap cameras. They are playing with paper plates, holding and swooping them like toy planes.

GOON

Boop...boop...Pack-men from Mars.
Boop...boop.

One of the gang members uses two paper plates like a large, gobbling pack-mouth. The others break into hysterical laughter. Carlos doesn't turn around.

CARLOS

Shut up, Al.

GOON

Boop,boop,boop...Spock to Carlos.
Spock to Carlos. Boop,boop...

Carlos suddenly spins around, grabbing the goon by his shirt. He shoves him hard against the wall, cracking plaster and lath.

CONTINUED

117

CONTINUED:

CARLOS

I said shut up.

Carlos rages more to himself than at the goon.

CARLOS

We got plans for those people! And
you know what? Those people are
making plans of their own! They
got something hooked up! They're
getting organized and look ~~at~~ **East**

0175 *

He relaxes his grip and mutters to himself.

CARLOS

Somebody's helping them. Somebody's
bringing them together.

The gang members look at him dubiously. There's a mood of
surly rebellion. Another gang member calls out.

GOON #2

(helpfully)

I see someone!

Carlos grabs the binoculars away and has a look.

(*)

118 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

It is Faye, with binoculars of her own, staring right back. She waves.

FAYE

There he is!

MASON

emerges from the roof stairs, reloading his Polaroid. He sits down next to Marisa, who's munching on a papaya fruit.

MASON

Anything?

MARISA

Not yet.

They look into the coop.

119 INT. PIGEON COOP - DAY

A steady electrical HUM. Pa peels a long strip of metal off a Maxwell House coffee can and drops it onto a ramp extending from Ma. The ramp slides up, taking the metal with it. CLANGS, BANGS and sparks.

120 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Mason takes another photo.

MASON

I'm choosing not to believe this.

MARISA

Don't be like that! It's wonderful, whatever it is.

MASON

How do you know?

MARISA

I decided. It just is. Are you superstitious?

MASON

I'm working on it.

CONTINUED

120

CONTINUED:(1)

MARISA

I'm not superstitious either.
But I was thinking what if, maybe,
well, this is a little silly --

MASON

You mean, they're here because of you?

MARISA

Yes! Yes! Like they were watching.
Or listening.

(softly)

or...maybe I thought them up. Maybe
that old lady did.

They look at Faye, on the other side of the roof, gazing
off with her binoculars.

MASON

They had to come from somewhere.
Planned or accidental, everything
starts somewhere.

(pause)

When's the baby due?

MARISA

Two or three more months, I'm
not sure.

MASON

You're not sure? What's the doctor
say?

MARISA

I haven't been to a doctor. I feel
fine.

MASON

That's crazy! You gotta take care of
yourself!

MARISA

My boyfriend's coming. He's gonna
take care of me.

MASON

Your boyfriend.

CONTINUED

120

CONTINUED:(2)

MARISA

Yeah. Hector. He's a musician,
so he moves around a lot. Different
places.

Faye shuffles past, on her way downstairs. She gives Mason
a slap on the back and points at Marisa.

FAYE

You're a lucky one. She's a darling
girl.

MASON

(right back)

She sure is!

Marisa smiles, taking a big bite of papaya.

MARISA

Papaya. I got this huge yen for
papaya.

Mason nods and studies her, full of concern.

120A INT. 3RD FL. STAIRWELL - DAY

Mason and Marisa come down the stairs; he lifts some
extension cords so she can duck underneath.

MASON

You oughta move out. Take Lacey's
cash, move into a hotel.

MARISA

What if Hector writes me? I wouldn't
get the letter.

MASON

Leave the forwarding address. I'll
show you how.

MARISA

No, Hector's coming. He said he would.
You'll like him. He makes everybody
laugh.

(she smiles)

Even you.

MASON

I laugh. If it's funny.

CONTINUED

120A CONTINUED:

MARISA

The first time we met... he was playing a gig, but no one was listening. So he stops the band and starts taking off his clothes!

She starts giggling.

MASON

You think that's funny?

BAT

0175

MARISA

Everybody did! He was doing a strip tease! We were howling, my girlfriend and I, we hid our eyes...

She looks at Mason. He is not amused.

MARISA

I guess you had to be there.

121 OMIT

122 OMIT

123 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

They arrive at Marisa's door. She turns to face him.

MARISA

So, what about you? No more girl-
friend?

MASON

Nah. She got smart.

MARISA

Don't say that. She'll come back.

MASON

Why should she?

MARISA

Because you're an artist.

Now Mason laughs.

MASON

You're funnier than Hector.

But Marisa isn't laughing. She studies him with serious,
sympathetic eyes. Mason's sarcasm melts away.

MASON

Can I come in.

MARISA

No...

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED:

MASON

(puzzled)

Come on. Artists make interesting coffee.

MARISA

No! I mean, thanks, but I really want to go to bed. To take a nap! I have to take a nap!

She scoots into her apartment and closes the door. Mason just stands there, mystified.

MASON

Did I say something wrong?

124 INT. - MARISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marisa leans against the door, feeling like a fool.

MARISA

I'm sorry. I'm not mad.

She turns on the lights. Tipped up against the walls of her tiny living room are Mason's discarded paintings.

MASON (o.s.)

You sure?

MARISA

I'm sure. It was... nice talking to you. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

125 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mason looks wryly at her door.

MASON

Okay.

MARISA

opens the door, giving Mason a thoughtful look.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED:

MARISA
Maybe it was for you.

MASON
(down the hall)
What?

MARISA
Maybe they're here, those things,
because of you.

She closes the door.

BAT

0175

CUT TO:

126

INT. BURNED BUILDING - A CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A noisy fight is underway in a top floor apartment. CRASHES and curses erupt. The door shakes, then falls flat into the corridor, blowing up a cloud of dust. A bunch of thugs tramp past and head down the stairs.

CARLOS

Adios, assholes! You slow me down anyway!

GOON #1

Go chase phenomenon, man!

Carlos shoves the guy out into the hall.

GOON #1

Hey, Mr. Wall Street, you ever hear of severance pay?

(he waves a Polaroid camera)

I got mine right here!

GOON #2

(laughing)

Me too! Thanks, man!

CARLOS

Give that back --!

Carlos grabs at the camera in the guy's hand. But the goon fires off a flash right in Carlos's face.

GOON #1

You want to see a strange object?
Huh? Here!

He flips Carlos the developing picture, then turns and runs off with the others.

127

INT. SCORCHED ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos wanders back in, watching the developing picture in his hand.

127A

THE PICTURE

Carlos looks more scared than angry.

128 INT. BURNED-OUT BUILDING - NIGHT

Carlos has his back to the window. He doesn't see the lights in the tenement building flickering weirdly, in impossible unison!

BAT

0175

129 CARLOS

lowers the photo and finally turns around. His eyes widen with fear. He crosses himself and mutters a Hail Mary in Spanish. *

130 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Harry holds a flickering garage light and peers into the glowing coop. Ma's HUM is shrill. The extension cords are starting to smoke. *

131 INT. MARISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marisa stands in the middle of her room, frozen, as the lights flash eerily.

132 INT. RILEY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mason bursts into the Riley apartment.

MASON

Frank? Faye?

No answer. The lights are stroboscopic. Mason dashes out.

133 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason collides with Marisa. She grabs his arm, terrified.

MARISA

What's happening?

It seems like the whole building is humming.

134 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The electric meter is SCREAMING.

135 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Grabbing the garage light, Frank bumps Harry out of the way and takes a look inside the coop. Faye crowds in behind him.

FAYE

Oh boy. Tonight's the night.

Mason and Marisa come running up.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED:

MARISA

----- Already?

Suddenly the light blinks out. Ma's HUM winds to a sickly stop. The tenants gaze into the coop.

136 INT. PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Ma Saucer doesn't look good. Her glow is fading. Her antennae twitch spasmodically. Frank desperately shakes the extension cords - no good.

FRANK

The fuses! She blew the fuses!

137 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mason and Frank hurry down the steps, carrying a lantern. Frank leads the way to the old-fashioned fuse box.

FRANK

Here it is.

Frank reaches for a carton of new fuses, but Mason stops him.

MASON

Don't! She'll just blow 'em again.

An arm reaches past them, holding a plastic-handled trowel. It's Harry; he jams the trowel into the fuse box. Sparks fly, but the lights come back on! The trowel blade glows red hot and the handle melts.

138 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Marisa and Faye are alone at the coop; the lights flicker back on... and Marisa gawks at what she sees. Something stupendous!

139 OMIT

140 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The men stumble back out onto the roof and join the women at the coop.

FRANK
How's she doing?

MARISA
It happened!

FAYE
I'm a grandmother!

The men look at each other, then rush to the nest.

141 INT. PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Two little saucers are blinking their headlights-- hello, world! -- and marching around on tiny legs. They are miniature versions of their parents, but product names from American canned goods adorn their hulls.

FRANK.
It's twins! This calls for cigars!
Have we got any cigars?

MASON
Cigars? This is history! Do you realize what's going on here? Machines that reproduce themselves! Living hardware! Spare parts with intelligence! Toys from Krypton!

Mason's mind is swirling with the Cosmic Significance of it all. He looks at Marisa. She is smiling at him.

FRANK.

He leans closer to the saucers.

FRANK
I don't know how you got here,
or why you picked us out of all
the people in New York, but I'll
tell you one thing: you helped
us, we'll help--

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED:

FAYE

Shh! What's that?

142 INT. PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Ma Saucer has begun to vibrate, something GRINDING inside her like a spoon in a garbage disposal. Then ... CLUNK! Out pops a strange-looking tiny saucer, not well-formed like the other two.

Pa Saucer approaches and dubiously gives the new arrival a jump-start. Nothing happens. He tries again -- ZAP! ZAP! Nothing. He plugs into the outlet for more power-- ZAP! POW! A tiny explosion sends the inert newcomer tumbling past its brethren. It lies there, dead.

143 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The tenants are saddened. They all jump as they hear an unfamiliar voice, big and resonant, yet very soft and sad:

HARRY

Batteries not included.

Big-eyed with worry, Harry has finally spoken.

DISSOLVE:

144 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN

Dawn light spreads a hazy glow over the buildings and bridges.

145 INT. - BURNED BUILDING - DAWN

Carlos is tipped back in a chair, sound asleep. Suddenly, the chair legs go right through the floor, dumping Carlos onto a pile of burned debris. He hauls himself up to the window sill and looks through his binoculars.

(*)

146 EXT. - ROOFTOP - CARLOS'S POV - DAWN

Silhouetted in the early morning light, Faye is crouched over an old, rotten planter.

146A EXT. ROOFTOP - BURIAL - DAWN

She places the still-born saucer in the dirt then starts covering it up. There is a yell from the stairs.

FRANK

Faye, no!

The old lady pats the dirt smooth and stands up.

FAYE

You gotta accept it, Frank. It's over. It's little soul is free to roam...

Mason and Marisa come up the stairs.

MASON

What soul? Lady, it's a chunk of metal! Nine ounces of canned goods, most of it from your house. Now we can really take a look...

He moves toward the planter, but Marisa stops him.

MARISA

Wait a minute! Last night you were so excited-- now they're chunks of metal?

MASON

I don't mean it like that. But you don't go out a bury the most advanced, self-perpetuating machine-tooled flying clockwork known to mankind!

Nobody notices Harry, who is hiding behind one of the chimneys.

FAYE

(singing)

"We shall gather by the river, the beautiful, beautiful river..."

MASON

Mrs. Riley, please!

Faye keeps right on singing.

CONTINUED

146A CONTINUED:

MARISA

That little, tiny, helpless spare
part -- it got born and never had a
chance! It could happen to anyone!
What's the matter with you?

She spins on her heels and marches away.

MASON

What'd I say? Hey, Marisa, wait!

He follows her down the stairs.

FRANK

suddenly sees Harry frantically digging in the planter.

FRANK

Hey! What are you doing?

Harry uncovers the little saucer.

147 INT. STAIRWELL - DAWN

Mason is following Marisa down the stairs.

MASON

Come on, Marisa.

MARISA

I'm worried about the baby! Okay?
I can't help it. Don't let it
bother you. It's not your problem.

There is a yell from above.

FRANK (o.s.)

Mason!

Harry runs past, with the baby saucer held tight in his
fist.

MASON

Hey! No--!

147A INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY & STAIRS - DAWN

Mason runs after Harry, pounding down the stairs.

BAT 0175

147B INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY & STAIRS - DAWN

Harry is surprisingly quick as he stays ahead of Mason.

147C INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY & STAIRS - DAWN

Harry is on familiar turf now, as he heads for the ...

148 INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

where Harry makes it to his apartment. SLAM! He gets his
door shut just in time.

MASON

(knocking)

Come on, Champ! What are you doing?

149 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Panting for breath, Harry proudly sets the saucer on the
kitchen table. It looks like a dirty hockey puck.

150 OMIT

CUT TO:

0175

BAT

151 OMIT

152 OMIT

BAT

017

153 INT. CAFE & KITCHEN - OUTLETS & APPLIANCES - DAY

Little mechanical hands stuff plugs into electrical outlets; one after another, signs and appliances in the cafe come to life. The juke box starts to play...

154 INT. CAFE - DAY

The cafe bustles with customers! Cop in uniform, a mailman, some old folks... and Gus and his hardhats at the counter. Faye jitterbugs and shags to the 1940's MUSIC.

FAYE

Pan-san, scrambled wet, with
Canadian on the side! Adam and
Eve on a raft! And two over-easy,
English, no toast, and hold the
spuds!

*
*

Frank looks through the service window from the kitchen and rings a little BELL.

FRANK

Burger up!

Faye grabs it, sets it in front of Gus, who grins at her.

GUS

Thank you, ma'am. I'm sure gonna
hate to crunch this place up.

(he glances down)

What's this? April Fool's?

The burger is a little unconventional -- a bun sandwiched between two beef patties!

155 INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

Frank whacks the bell again, but Faye grabs his hand and shows him the weird hamburger.

FRANK

(defensive)

He's working on it. It's his
first day, okay?

*
*

155A FRANK

Frank grabs a big, color photo of a hamburger and shows it to his short-order chef, Pa Saucer, who wields a spatula and salt shaker.

CONTINUED

155A CONTINUED:

FRANK
Like this! Remember?

155B MEANWHILE, MA SAUCER

slices a banana, the knife a high-speed blur. But she's leaving the peel on! Frank hurries over, but just then...

155C A BABY SAUCER

(Jetsam) turns on the uncovered blender.

FRANK
No!

Too late -- the liquid spews out over the counter. Frank dashes over and shuts down the machine.

156 INT. CAFE - FAYE - DAY

Behind the busy counter, Faye stirs up the big soup kettle. Then she feels something go clunk inside. She leans over and looks in.

156A FAYE'S POV

A tiny periscope pokes up out of the Beef 'n' Rice!

157 INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

Faye enters, a big ladle of soup in her hand. She reaches into the ladle and scoops out a chunky little saucer (Flotsam) and flings him into the sink.

157A SINK

Flotsam hits a big bowl, flies out, and starts sliding down a drain board. He scrabbles with little grippers but goes in anyway.

(*)

157B INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

Faye gives Frank a mischievous look.

FAYE

(musically)

Frank...guess what I did!

FRANK

Oh no, what now?

FAYE

I named the little little guys!
Flotsam and Jetsam, isn't that
cute? Jetsam and Flotsam, Flotsam
and Jetsam!

Frank casts a jaundiced look over to the sink, where Flotsam climbs out and shakes himself off in a spray of water like a little wet dog.

FRANK

(gruff)

Yeah. Cute.

FAYE

Be nice, Papa.

FRANK

I'm always nice! I got a kitchen
to run!

FAYE

If you're not nice, you're gonna
drive 'em away...

FRANK

Meaning what, as if I didn't know?

FAYE

I like being a family again! Just
you, me, Flotsam, Jetsam and...
Bobby.

Frank stares at her, sighs, and takes her in his arms.

FRANK

Okay, Faye. Okay.

158 ON THE GRILL

Jetsam marches across the hot grill. She pauses to watch
squares of cheese drop onto the sizzling burgers. Suddenly,
a square of cheese drops on her too.

BAT 0175

(*)

159 BUN
a spatula drops Jetsam onto a bun -- with a slice of onion.

160 FRANK
rings the bell.

Burger up! FRANK

161 INT. CAFE - DAY
Faye sets a burger in front of hungry Gus. This one looks okay. As he leans away for the ketchup bottle.

162 CLOSE ON "BURGER"
Little feet poke out of the bun, flailing frantically in the air. Suddenly, the whole burger flips over like a turtle and runs away down the counter.

163 GUS
reaches for his burger -- and finds an empty plate. He gives the guy beside him a dirty look.

163A EXT. CAFE - DAY
Kovacs steps out of the company limousine and looks with exasperation at the cafe.

163B KOVAC'S POV
A bunch of construction vehicles are drawn up at the cafe entrance like horses tied up in front of a busy Western saloon.

164 OMIT

165 OMIT

166 OMIT

BAT 20175

167

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Kovacs comes up the stairs and emerges onto the deserted roof. He sourly glances around.

KOVACS

What the hell--? Carlos!?

Carlos leans out from behind a chimney.

CARLOS

Shhh! Over here!

He gestures for Kovacs to join him. Kovacs points at the pigeon coop.

KOVACS

That's what you're talking about?

CARLOS

You're laughing now, man, but watch this.

Carlos quietly approaches the coop, kicks it hard and instantly leaps back. Nothing happens. Kovacs looks at his watch. We FOLLOW Carlos as he warily works his way around the coop, kicking and punching -- trying to rile the inhabitants. Still nothing. We come AROUND to the front again -- and Carlos' heart nearly stops as something steps out of the coop -- it's Kovacs.

KOVACS

It's full of junk. It's a storage shed, you idiot!

CARLOS

No, man! It's not! It's haunted! Ghosts! And they're trying to make me look bad!

KOVACS

You don't need ghosts for that, Carlos.

Kovacs goes down the stairs. Carlos shouts angrily after him.

CARLOS

Hey, nobody ever told me this building was haunted! You think it's easy fighting ghosts? You try to get them to unencumber, man!

167A INT. CAFE - DAY

Full of resentment and bravado, Carlos finds a table and sits-himself down. With all the chatter, kitchen sounds and juke box music, it's a far cry from the bleak little place he tried to destroy. He suddenly pounds the table for attention.

CARLOS

Hey! I'm hungry! How about a little service here?

Gus and a few of his pals turn around and eye him dispassionately.

CARLOS

What's so great about a place you can't even get a menu?

GUS

You want a menu, pal? What for? You're gonna get today's special.

He climbs off his stool and looms over Carlos, who hadn't bargained on this.

CARLOS

You shouldn't even be in here, man. You're in trouble, all of you --!

Gus grabs Carlos by the shirt and lifts him from his chair. Just then, Faye comes out of the kitchen.

FAYE

Bobby! Have you had your lunch?

She plunks down a bowl of soup and beans at Gus.

FAYE

What about you? You wanna sleep over? I got peanut butter and jelly, tuna, melted cheese. Call your Mommy, tell her where you'll be.

Gus and his friends exchange amused looks. Gus lowers Carlos back onto his seat.

GUS

No thanks, Mrs. Riley. Not tonight. Hey, Bobby, you want to come out and play?

The hardhats laugh. Carlos glares at them. Faye pushes him back onto his chair and sits down across from him.

CONTINUED

167A CONTINUED:(1)

FAYE

You don't go anywhere unless you eat something. You look terrible. Thin. Here.

She stirs up the soup and hands him the spoon.

CARLOS

(wearily)

Come on, lady, you gotta stop this.

FAYE

Eat, for the love of Mike, you're just like your father!

Carlos keeps a wary eye on Gus and the hardhats, who are peaceably back on lunch break.

CARLOS

I don't know nothing about my father. And I don't want to know.

FAYE

Don't say that. He loves you.

CARLOS

(softly)

Lady, you know, I'm not who you think I am.

FAYE

Sure you are! My little tough guy!

Carlos starts eating the soup.

CARLOS

(genuine)

I try to be nice to all you people, but I got a job to do, you know, for Mr. Lacey. He calls the shots, not me. I'm learning how he works, how this city works. That's my way out of here, see?

FAYE

Where you going?

CARLOS

Anywhere! I don't belong in this roach trap! I'm smart -- I get ideas all the time. I'm talented, too. I play the piano, did you know that? I taught myself.

CONTINUED

167A CONTINUED:(2)

FAYE

That's my boy! Why don't you come
play for Pop and me! Tonight at
dinner.

Carlos looks at her lively, enthusiastic face and smiles
in spite of himself.

CARLOS

You're inviting me for dinner...?

FAYE

I'll cook a ham. You love my ham...
Oh my goodness, is that a smile? I
think I just saw a smile.

She pats Carlos on the cheeks. He blushes. But suddenly,
his eyes open wide! He stares past Faye at the door to the
kitchen.

167AA INT. CAFE KITCHEN DOOR - DAY

A wide tray of buns pokes out into the cafe, floating below
the swinging doors. Faye leans down and waves it away.

FAYE

Not here, honey. Back inside on
the counter.

The tray glides back into the kitchen.

167AB CARLOS

is half out of his seat, crazy with fear and fury.

CARLOS

Wait a minute! What the hell is
that?

FAYE

It's them, the little guys. My
little munchkins.

Faye takes a napkin and wipes at his mouth.

CARLOS

Don't do that! What little guys?

CONTINUED

167AB CONTINUED:

FAYE

It's time you learned to eat sweet potato. You pat it, you prick it, you mark it with a "B", you put it in the oven for Bobby and me!

CARLOS

Shut up! Don't talk to me! You're messing with my head again!

LIGHTS

The cafe lights start flickering. Behind the counter, the milk shake machines whirr on and off. A laugh and cheer goes up from the patrons.

167B INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

Frank looks up at the flickering light; he starts searching for saucers.

FRANK

Faye! Where are they? We got an overload!

He checks the outlets -- no saucers. Out in the cafe, the juke box winds down, and Tex Beneke starts singing slower and lower.

FRANK

I don't see 'em, Faye! Somebody's gonna short us out!

GUS(o.s.)

It's Con Ed, Pop. You gotta pay your light bill.
(a laugh from the patrons)

Frank pulls a vegetable bin from under a counter and looks at the baseboard. There's the saucer family, all plugged into each other, an electric daisy chain, hooked up to the outlet.

FRANK

I got 'em, Faye!
(to the saucers)
Later, okay? We'll all have a snack later.

He reaches in and gently unplugs Ma. She rubs against Frank's arm like a friendly mother cat. The old man smiles.

167C OMIT
167D OMIT
167E INT. CAFE - DAY

The lights stop flickering. Faye leans forward and takes Carlos' hand in both of hers.

FAYE

Go help your father. Just this once.
Be nice to each other! We have to try!

(she leans forward, eyes wide)

The sky is falling, did you know that?

CARLOS

Stay away! You're not fooling anyone! Crazy my ass!

He tears free of the old lady and leaps from his chair.

CARLOS

I know what you are! You're a witch, that's what! A wi---

He stops and looks around. All the customers are staring at him.

168 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The TV is off. In fact, Harry is scavenging tubes and wires from its innards. He dumps the parts on the kitchen table, which is already laden with tiny tools and a huge car battery. He touches a wire to the baby saucer's antennae and tail, to no avail. With tweezers, he delicately probes inside an open hatch. PING! A little part flies out, landing somewhere across the room.

Harry gives up. He holds the saucer at the edge of the table and rakes the loose parts into the open hatch. Then

CONTINUED

168

CONTINUED:

he snaps it closed, leans back, and throws his big feet up onto the table. The table leaf kicks up, catapulting the saucer across the room.

It crashes down onto a shelf, cascading Pine-Sol, Alka-seltzer, Drano, etc. into a laundry sink full of dirty water. Finally, Harry's old radio slides in-- ZAP! FLASH!

Harry lunges to unplug the cord. He stares into the sink, now a bubbling cauldron of household miracle formulae.

Afraid to put his hand in, he fishes around with a long wooden spoon. Suddenly, GLURP! big bubbles roil up and the sink swiftly drains. No saucer. Now a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE meows within the pipe. Harry pokes his head under the sink.

DRAIN PIPE

The sound -- WEEM WEEM WEEM -- is moving! Harry grabs the pipe and shakes it!

PIPE CHASE

Harry waits, listens, then hears the sound again. Now it's in another pipe, this time running along his wall...

...and out into the...

169

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

...in the pipes overhead! Harry follows, goggle-eyed. He pursues the sound down the dark passageway to a small door.

WEEMS

Harry yanks open the door and stares at an old, grimy toilet. Water gurgles; a hook flies up from the bowl, and lo! The small saucer hoves into view on the dusty wooden seat.

Harry is stunned. The saucer is moving! It teeters precariously, and seeing Harry it begins to wag its antenna. WEEM WEEM WEEM!

HARRY

(beaming)

Partial assembly required.

169A INT. MARISA'S APT. - DAY

Hector's photograph stares cheerfully at Marisa, who sits on her bed, wiping tears off her cheeks. There's a KNOCK at her door, then Mason's voice.

MASON (o.s.)

Marisa? It's me.

MARISA

What do you want, Mason?

MASON (o.s.)

I've been doing research. Baby research. Come on, open up.

MARISA

Not now, okay?

MASON (o.s.)

Yes, now! Art meets science! Neo-realism meets nutrition!

He thumps on the door with his foot.

169B INT. 3RD FL. HALLWAY - DAY

Marisa opens the door. Mason stands at Marisa's door, a couple of grocery sacks in his arms.

MASON

You're going to stop worrying about that baby. One side.

He pushes past her and deposits the bags on the kitchen counter. He unloads the packages.

MASON

Wheat germ, wheat bread, wheatina. Lots of fiber, milk -- whole fat, half fat, non fat, baby book, fully illustrated.

He sets everything down on the kitchen counter.

MARISA

What are you doing? You don't have to take care of me.

CONTINUED

169B CONTINUED:

MASON

I had fun! From now on, I do the shopping. You gotta decide: Huggies or Pampers? Did you know there's natural substitutes for talcum powder? No zinc. Oh yeah, here.

He produces a jar of green jalapeno peppers.

MASON

Big papaya strike. So...

He opens the jar and pops a pepper into his mouth.

MASON

(chewing)

It's for that yen you get.

MARISA

That's no yen. That's a death sentence.

He smiles and leans close to her big tummy.

MASON

Hey, you in there! Come on out! This is the house of little miracles! Have we got toys for you! They fly! They fix! No winding needed!

Suddenly, his face freezes. His eyes water. His face turns red. He gasps for air, then plunges for the water faucet.

169C INT. MARISA'S APT. - DAY

Gulping water straight from the tap, Mason finally sees his paintings, which are leaned up against every wall of the tiny livingroom. Behind him, Marisa is embarrassed and uneasy.

MARISA

See? You made me an art collector. Very specialized. A new guy, very talented. You like it?

MASON

I don't know.

MARISA

It's my gallery. Like--
(she tries a nervous smile)
a one man show...?

CONTINUED

169C

CONTINUED:

He looks sharply at her, but sees no sarcasm. He points
at a dark, brooding portrait over the mantle. It's a
self portrait.

MASON

What does that say to you?

MARISA

That's my favorite. It's a guy
standing in the sun.

MASON

What sun? There's no sun.

MARISA

Yes there is. Because all you're
seeing here is the shadows. If he
just moves two steps in any dir-
ection, he's in the sunlight.

She crosses the room, trying to explain.

MARISA

I've been looking at it a lot.
You know, it's art, you gotta keep
looking at it..

She becomes aware of the fact that he's staring at her.
Hard.

MARISA

What? What are you looking at?

170 OMIT

171 OMIT

172

INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

It's late. Marisa poses on a stool while Mason sketches her. Flotsam and Jetsam are on a work table, duelling with a couple of paint brushes. Marisa burst out laughing.

MASON

What's so funny?

MARISA

You. Your face. You look so serious.

MASON

Well, this is serious. I'm looking at the real you.

MARISA

And what do you see?

MASON

A sensual play of light and dark,
a mysterious counterpoint of moods....

Marisa laughs again.

MASON

Hold still! How can I capture your
elusive womanhood if you keep jumping
around?

Marisa comes around to look at the sketch.

THE SKETCH

Almost finished. A strong, vigorous drawing of Marisa,
not pregnant...and nude.

MARISA

Oh my God! That's not fair!

MASON

Sure it is. I used my imagination.
And my X-ray goggles.

He puts on a pair of wild sunglasses.

MASON

All's fair in love and art.

CONTINUED

172 CONTINUED:

MARISA
Paint some clothes on her!

MASON
No, really, don't you like it?

MARISA
Not as much as you do. What
do you guys think?

She smiles at the saucer babies.

172A FLOTSAM & JETSAM

are now painting each other with smears of bright color.
Suddenly they hear a loud, musical car horn.

172B BACK TO SCENE

MARISA
What's that?

They hear it again. Marisa's face lights up; she rushes to
the window and throws it open.

MARISA
Hector!

She claps her hands and dashes out of the loft. She re-
appears a second later and turns Mason's sketch over so
no one will see it. Then she's gone.

MASON

sits there, not wanting to believe it.

MASON
(to the saucers)
Hector.

173 EXT. BUILDING - MASON'S POV - NIGHT

A convertible with a trailer is parked below. A bunch of
Latino musicians are piling out, playing their instruments
as they enter the building.

174 OMIT

BAT 0175

175 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laughter and Spanish chatter as Marisa and Hector come up the stairs, followed by the boys in the band. As they all enter Marisa's apartment, she turns around and waves to Mason, who stands watching in his doorway.

MARISA

Mason, come over! Meet Hector!

BAT 0175

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED:

MASON
(staying put)
Hi.

HECTOR
(friendly)
How you doing, man? Some girl I got
here!
(pats her belly)
Maybe two of them!

Mason smiles wanly as they go into Marisa's and the door
closes.

176 INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

Mason turns over the sketch and props it up. As Latin
music starts up next door, he picks up his charcoal and
starts working with determination.

176A FLOTSAM & JETSAM

They peek out from under the rag.

176B MASON

looks at the baby saucers and sighs. He lays down the art
work, grabs his jacket and leaves the room.

177 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hide and seek. Harry ducks behind a door, blows on a dog
whistle and waits. Across the room, Weems, the baby saucer,
scurries around the tabletop, looking for his master. Harry
pops up behind him, tooting on the whistle, and inviting the
little saucer to jump into his jacket.

Weems sees the open pocket, but hesitates.

BAT
0175

177A OMIT

177B OMIT

178 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Mason is lounging on the hood of a wrecked car across the street from the tenement. He finishes a beer and slowly crushes the can. From where he sits, he can see the light in Marisa's window and hear the LAUGHTER and LATINO MUSIC coming from within.

CUT TO:

179 OMIT

BAT

180 INT. LACEY & ASSOCIATES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A tower of glass, an impressive, post-modernist skyscraper. Lacey's dream development! But it's just a model. A big, familiar face looms over it -- Carlos, dressed in a suave, dark suit.

He looks over at a man in a far corner of the room who is puffing calmly on a cigarette. This is DE WITT.

An austere RECEPTIONIST puts down the phone and glances at Carlos.

RECEPTIONIST

Here he comes.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK, Italian shoes on the marble floors. Carlos whirls. A dynamic-looking, well-dressed, BUSINESSMAN strides down the long hall toward him. Carlos remembers he's chewing gum. He takes it out -- there's nowhere to put it! He swallows it. The man walks right by without a glance.

Suddenly a door opens and LACEY -- a tall, greying figure in Ralph Lauren sweater and slacks -- leads a troop of dark-suited executives across the hall. Kovacs is among them. *

CARLOS

Mr. Kovacs! It's me!

KOVACS

Carlos? What are you doing here?

Carlos hurries over; Lacey looks at him impassively.

CARLOS

I just want one more chance. I...
I... gotta have this job, you
understand? You been happy up
to now, right?

KOVACS

(uncomfortable)

Mr. Lacey, this is---

LACEY

(interrupting)

I know who he is.

CARLOS

Mr. Lacey, I gave them the money...

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED:

LACEY

...And they sent it right back. I've got a commitment to have that block down to grade level. Come here.

He goes to the model and lifts off one of the tower blocks, revealing a familiar sight-- a miniature of the tenement building. LACEY looks at Carlos.

LACEY

Grade level.

CARLOS

I can do it, sir. There's no problem, I assure you...

LACEY

In three days, permits expire, legal options go out the window. Interest rates are going back up and I'm paying a demolition crew to sit around eating in a restaurant they're supposed to be knocking down.

CARLOS

Tonight. I'll get them out by tonight.

LACEY

You had your chance. I've made other arrangements. I'll see you now, Mr. De Witt.

The other man stands up and follows LACEY and the others into the office. Carlos calls after them.

CARLOS

Don't you worry, Mr. Lacey! I'm gonna do it for you!

CUT TO:

181 EXT. CAFE DOOR - NIGHT

The "Closed" sign dangles behind the glass. Inside, the lights are still on; Frank and Faye are seated at a table. Pa Saucer pulls down the shade on the front door.

182 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Frank leans back, cigar in his mouth. Pats his shirt, looking for a match. Pa Saucer jets over, carrying

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED:

a glass COFFEE POT. He pauses to fire a tiny laser into the tip of the stogie. Frank leans back, savoring his smoke.

FRANK
(to the saucer)
Thanks, partner.

The saucer glides over to Faye and pours her a cup of coffee. The old lady squints at a newspaper.

FAYE
Whatever happened to Ike? You don't hardly see a word about him anymore.

183 OMIT

184 OMIT

185 OMIT

186 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry is wearing one slipper and looking for the other. Here it comes, hopping into the kitchen. Harry grins and blows his dog whistle. Weems peeps out to see Harry holding open his jacket pocket. Once again, Weems deliberates... But a strange sound catches his attention. It's a saucer sound, coming from a heating grate near the front door.

186A INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Frank and Faye hear the same sound. It's coming from the front hall...

187 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Whimpering saucer babies! Flotsam and Jetsam are perched on a step high over the stairwell, looking down into the abyss of a four--floor drop. Ma saucer comes up from below and nudges Jetsam off into space!

0175

187A JETSAM

falls like a brick! As the ground floor rushes up, she revs her little engine and just misses disaster, pulling out in an arc that clips an old flower vase on the ground floor radiator.

187B STEPS

Jetsam careens off the wall, scraping plaster, and lands on a step near the bottom. The tiny saucer looks up, sees the enormity of its fall, then keels over backward in shock. It rolls down to...

187C INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

As Frank and Faye come running, they hear Flotsam high above them, and look up.

187D TOP STEP

Ma pushes Flotsam off into space, but this little saucer flips around in mid-air and grabs the step with two metal arms. As he dangles, Ma saucer opens one of her hatches and extends a tiny circular saw. ZING! She fires it up.

187E FRANK & FAYE & JETSAM

stare in amazement; sawdust drifts down past them.

188 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Weems scratches at the heating grate and longingly peers in. Another saucer? Like him? Harry approaches, gets down, and listens. He looks wistfully at his little pet and considers.

188A FLOTSAM

is cut free; as he plummets, there's a puff of smoke and his top hatch sprouts a tiny umbrella. For a moment it catches the air and breaks the fall, but a second later it folds backwards. Flotsam plunges to certain doom!

188B RESCUE

A split second before contact, Weems zooms from the basement doorway and lifts his big brother to safety!

189 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank and Faye lean over the radiator as the saucer babies hop up and down in joyous reunion. Jetsam flies over; so do Ma and Pa.

They all look up as Harry steps shyly from the basement.

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED:

FRANK
Harry? You did that?

HARRY
(shrugs)
We bring good things to life.

The saucer family explodes with joy, flying circles around the old couple. Trails of colored light illuminate the hallway. Suddenly a door SLAMS; all the saucers freeze in mid air, then duck under the stairs.

MASON

stands in the foyer, unshaven and hung over.

MASON
Know what happens when birds
learn to fly? The leave the nest.

He trudges upstairs, carrying a beer bottle. Frank and Faye stare after him, then at each other. They hadn't thought of that.

190 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marisa's door is open as Mason passes. He pauses and looks in.

191 INT. MARISA'S APT. - MASON'S POV

The place looks unnaturally neat, as though unlived in. Mason goes in, picks up a few of the pictures and carries them out.

192 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mason suddenly realizes his door is open. Someone's in his place. He hefts his bottle and pushes in.

MASON
Carlos, you semi-literate, fascist
sociopath!

193 INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

There is someone in his room: Marisa. Mason freezes, bottle upraised. Wine GURGLES down his arm. *
*

CONTINUED

193 CONTINUED:(1)

MARISA

You were gone so long... I was
leaving you a note.

Mason sees a letter on the kitchen table

MASON

(reading)

"Dear Mason..."

MARISA

Not out loud!

CONTINUED

193 CONTINUED: (2)

MASON

But that's all it says!

MARISA

I didn't know what to write!!

(she points)

What are you doing with my paintings?

MASON

Your paintings? Just because you--

(pause)

Where's Hector and the all-stars?

MARISA

On their way to Chicago.

MASON

That son-of-a-bitch!

MARISA

He got a good job. Nice money.

It's a break, really...

MASON

What about you?

MARISA

I told him to go.

Mason looks at her. She turns away. He's starting to get the idea. *

MASON

Your baby needs a father.

MARISA

You need someone to draw, right?

Mason looks at the note and smiles. He comes up to Marisa, turns her around and kisses her.

194 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dark shape appears at the window. With a heavy thud, the protective wire mesh is cut away. Then the window is levered open with a big axe blade.

195 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Carlos drops lightly to the floor, and prowls through the clutter, stopping at the water mains. After a furtive look around, he hauls off and chops at the pipes as hard as he can. He pounds and pounds in a frenzy, finally rewarded

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED:(1)

with a drenching spray of water. He gives the pipes a few more good licks, until the place looks like the inside of a sinking sub. Quickly now Carlos moves to the old fuse box. He frowns as he sees the trowel which still serves as a "fuse."

CARLOS

(to himself)

Stupid, man. That could start a fire.

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED:(2)

Then he swings his axe again, cutting the power lines in a shower of sparks.

196 INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

Mason and Marisa are still at the window, still in each others' arms.

MASON

I'm not funny. I don't make you
laugh...

Marisa just kisses him.

MASON

Suppose the kid doesn't like me? I
won't know what to do.

MARISA

You'll play with him.

He leans close to her big belly.

MASON

Hey, you in there! Come on out!
Have we got toys for you! They fly!
They fix! They---

The room goes dark.

MASON

---blow the fuses.

She keeps him close; they kiss some more.

197 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Carlos' axe severs more wires.

198 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The jukebox winds down again. In the dark, Faye, Harry, and Frank are lit only by the saucers' eye-lights.

CONTINUED

198 CONTINUED:

Ma's been polishing the counter; Pa's charging up on a nearby outlet. *

FAYE

Uh-oh. Who's my little piggy? *

FRANK

Wait here. I'll go.

199 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Water is spraying everywhere. The basement door opens and light beams shoot into the darkness. Carlos grabs his axe and leaps behind the old boiler. He peeks out.

200 CARLOS' POV

To Carlos it looks like people with flashlights.

201 THE STEPS

It's actually Pa and Ma, leading the way with their eye-lights blazing. Frank stops when he sees the chaos. Mason rushes in.

MASON

What the hell happened now?

Pa's and Ma's eyes glow an angry red. They begin BUZZING like insects, zipping from place to place, searching...

202 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry, Marisa and Faye wait at the top of the steps. Harry cradles the saucer babies, whose eyes shine with interest. He starts down the steps...

203 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Carlos peers from his hiding place, dodging the sweeping beams of light.

204 CARLOS' POV

...through dark spraying water. The beams of light waver and bob through the mist, coming closer and closer.

205 MASON AND FRANK

examine the smashed water pipes, looking for the shut-off.

MASON

Can you believe this?! Carlos.

FRANK

Nope. Lacey.

206 CARLOS

Suddenly a light hits Carlos from behind. He whirls. It's Pa Saucer, barely three feet away! He takes a vicious swing at the light -- and connects! CLANG!

207 MASON AND FRANK

instinctively duck as something sails into the wall above their heads. It's Pa Saucer! He falls to the floor, smashed almost beyond recognition, his glittering parts scattered everywhere. Ma zooms to his side, SHRIEKING an unearthly alarm.

Mason and Frank face Carlos as he darts through the spraying water. They block his path.

CARLOS

Get out of my way!

Carlos raises his axe and moves toward them. But Frank and Mason grimly grab weapons of their own -- an old shovel, a length of pipe. Dripping wet, they stand their ground.

CARLOS

My gang's coming! Any minute!

MASON

(points to Pa Saucer)

You murdering son-of-a-bitch...

Stand off. Carlos isn't used to this. Suddenly he charges! *
He swings blindly, then springs onto the basement staircase. *

208 ON THE STAIRS

The babies see Carlos coming like a wild animal. With a shriek, they zoom from Harry's arms!

HARRY

No!

Carlos slams Harry into the wall, then pushes him down the stairs! CRASH!

BAT 0175

209 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlos bulls past Marisa and Faye and sprints down the hall.

FAYE

Bobby! What happened? Are
your shoes wet?

210 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harry, Mason and Frank stare in horror at P. Saucer, who
tries to drag himself to the steps with one twisted arm --
a painful spasmodic inch at a time. He slips, tumbling back
down.

211 HARRY

gets to his feet, cold anger in his eyes.

212 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Carlos dashes to the front door -- it's a double-key
lock.

CARLOS

Shit!

He attacks the door with the axe, swinging with wild fury.
Suddenly on a backswing the axe is gone -- pulled right out
of his grasp! He whirls. Harry stands behind him, the axe
in one big hand. He's wearing one of his old boxing gloves.
As he casually pulls on the second glove, Carlos sees a
phalanx of dark shapes advancing down the hall: the other
tenants.

CARLOS

What's this? Everybody? All
together? What happened, you're
a gang now?

Without warning, he throws a couple of punches, which Harry
neatly blocks and slips. Then Harry hits him very hard in
the gut. Carlos doubles over like a rag doll, the wind
knocked out of him.

FAYE

(horrified)

Stop them! Frank, stop them!

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED:(1)

FRANK

Like hell I will!

Faye covers her face, blotting out this horror. Mason unlocks and opens the front door.

HARRY

Coming to you live from ringside!
The thrill of victory...
(he socks Carlos again)
...and the agony of defeat!

Harry winds up and delivers the K.O. punch. It sends Carlos staggering backward out the door. Mason slams it with satisfaction.

FAYE

BOBBYYYY!

Frank grabs her roughly.

FRANK

Goddammit! He's not Bobby! He's just a punk! Will you listen to me?

FAYE

Let me go! He's hurt! What is the matter with you!

Frank reaches the end of his rope. He can't take this anymore.

FRANK

Faye! Bobby is dead! He is dead, you hear me?

She looks at him, suddenly still.

FAYE

You wish he were dead.

FRANK

No, Faye.

FAYE

All you ever do is yell at him and make him feel like he's not good enough! Well, look who's talking! What do you think he's buying that car for! He's trying to get away from you! We're gonna lose him and it's all going to be your fault! You hate him!

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED:(2)

She runs off. Frank looks white. Mason and Harny stare at him, winded and confused.

BAT

0175

213 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry tears his room apart. Finally, under a sofa cushion, he finds the dog whistle. He gives it a test blow and rushes out.

214 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry strides through the hall, blowing his whistle, looking for the babies.

215 INT. CAFE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry stops and stares at three holes punched in the glass of the kitchen window. Oh no.

216 EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Harry dashes down the steps of the building, tooting his whistle.

217 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Harry stands in a deserted intersection, blowing for all he's worth, calling to the lost babies. No luck.

DISSOLVE TO:

218 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

The street is now alive with traffic and pedestrians. And instead of Harry, there's a cop blowing a whistle.

219 EXT. BUSY STREET/BUILDING - DAY

The baby saucers share a building ledge with a flock of pigeons high over the square. They timidly survey the chaos and danger that is New York. Suddenly, Weems BEEPS with excitement: there's a news van passing below them.

220 EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - VAN - DAY

A big, saucer-like microwave dish lies folded on the roof!

221 SAUCER BABIES

They swoop down from their hiding place and follow the van up the street. But Weems peels off when he sees something else.

222 STREET LIGHT

Futuristic, hooded and saucer-like! Weems leads his siblings over for a closer look. High over the traffic, they buzz around the light, beeping for motherly attention.

223 WEEMS

sees something else...

224 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It's Ma Saucer! Weems BEEPS, banks sharply and leads the other two down.

A stylish WOMAN in a silvery pill-box hat SHRIEKS and flails her arms as the saucers buzz around her head. The three babies beat a hasty retreat.

225 OMIT

226 OMIT

227 INT. RILEY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Faye sits on the bed, clutching a handkerchief, puffing on a cigarette. There is a THUNK out in the hall.

227A INT. RILEY APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Faye emerges from the bedroom.

FAYE

Frank ...?

No answer. The old lady is alone. Suddenly, more noise from the hallway, a scraping sound.

228 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Faye steps into the hall. Looking down, she notices saucer parts scattered over the worn-out linoleum.

229 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Faye works her way up the stairs, whisking odd metallic bits and pieces into a dust pan.

230 EXT. ROOFTOP - PIGEON COOP - DAY

Inside the coop, an angled chrome stalk rises up from one of Ma's hatches. It's an operating light. A visor extends from her "forehead" and a magnifying lens clicks into

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED:

position over one eye. With mini grippers blurring, she goes to work on Pa's innards. We hear a soft RATTLE. Ma whirls, GROWLING at the sound.

It's Faye. On hands and knees she reaches out, flinching at another GROWL from Ma. Faye sadly dumps the parts as near as she dares.

231 OMIT

232 EXT. POWER STATION - DAY

Mason walks between the huge transformers of a humming power station, looking high and low for saucers.

232A EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A weary Frank and Marisa are seated on a bench at a nearby bus stop. Marisa glances at Frank: he looks utterly beaten.

MARISA

Don't you worry, Mr. Riley! We're going to find them, you'll see.

He stares off at nothing, hurting deeply. Marisa takes his hand.

MARISA

Mrs. Riley -- she was upset. We all were. She didn't know what she was saying. She didn't mean it, you know that!

Frank slowly turns to look at Marisa. His face is bitter.

Mason flops down next to them.

MASON

What about the subway? They'd love that third rail... or Times Square. Think of all that juice...
(sees something)
Hey! It's Harry!

Harry comes loping across the street, blowing his whistle. He's followed by half a dozen mangy STRAY DOGS.

CONTINUED

232A CONTINUED:

MASON

(testy)
That's great. Blow harder.
Get us a cab.

Marisa glances at Frank.

MARISA

Leave him alone! We should try
everything!

0175

DA 11

233 EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Tinkering sounds from within the coop. Faye sits on a lawn chair, leaning close, fascinated.

233A INT. SAUCER NEST

Pa is back together. Ma slams one of Pa's hatches, opens another and twists a switch, trying to start him up. Rrrr---rrr. No go. She tries again. Still nothing. She makes an angry sound and re-opens the first hatch, peering in.

234 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mason climbs down from a power pole and grimly faces Marisa and Frank. It's no use-- no saucers anywhere. Behind them, Harry picks up a piece of scrap lumber and strolls near a parked police car. One of the stray dogs is still with him.

MASON

Now what?

MARISA

We keep on looking!

Frank finally speaks.

FRANK

No, we go home. It's over.

CRASH! Harry casually smashes the board through the window of the cop car. The other tenants stare in shock.

MASON

Harry! Are you nuts?

With a devilish grin, Harry reaches into the vehicle, comes out with a bullhorn -- and runs like hell. The dog follows.

235 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Harry rounds a corner at full speed and screeches to a breathless stop, staring up at the tall buildings and gaudy billboards all around him.

236 HARRY'S POV

High above the street is a large billboard advertising... L'eggs stockings!

237 BUILDING ENTRANCE

Harry runs into the building. The stray dog is left outside, barking.

238 OMIT

239 EXT. TRAFFIC ISLAND - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Frank, Marisa and Mason cross Broadway and cluster on a traffic island, looking for Harry. Marisa sees the stray dog near a doorway, barking and carrying on... She looks up.

240 HIGH ABOVE

...a small, antic figure climbing out in front of the brilliantly lit L'eggs billboard: Harry!

241 THE TENANTS

FRANK

What in the world--?

They run to the building.

241A HARRY

Down below, the surrounding city is alive with lights and traffic. On a catwalk in front of the sign, Harry whips out his whistle, raises the bullhorn, and lets go a major blast. Dogs start HOWLING all over Midtown Manhattan.

241B EXT. CITY STREET - GUTTER - NIGHT

A car BANGS over a pothole. A hubcap pops off and rolls down the street.

242 EXT. CITY STREET - GUTTER - NIGHT

The hubcap CLATTERS to a stop in the gutter. The saucer babies fly out from under a mail box and circle over it, landing one at a time. Looming behind them, a giant street-sweeper gobbles up everything in its path!

243 EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Harry blows again, for all he's worth. He's getting dizzy!

244 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rescue. The street-sweeper bears down on the little saucers. Suddenly, Weems sprouts a tiny dish antenna. It rotates, then homes in. Weems BEEPS happily and blasts off. He zips back in and scoops Flotsam and Jetsam out of the sweeper's path an instant before the hubcap is sucked into the ROARING machine.

245 EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ma twists Pa's starter again, but it's no use. Faye leans in, pulling a bobby pin from her hair.

FAYE

Would... would this help?

Ma hesitantly reaches for the bobby pin, then grabs it. She inserts the bobby pin, slams Pa's hatch shut and tries once more. Still nothing! Muttering, she moves around behind him and kicks him right in the keester. Pa lurches to life, spinning upward, looking around as though awakened from a deep sleep. What? What? Where? Who? Faye claps her hands, her voice filled with emotion.

FAYE

Okay, now go! Go find your babies!

The two saucers HUM and VIBRATE, then explode from the coop, leaving twin vapor trails. Faye, alone and sad, watches them sail off over the rooftops.

246 OMIT

247 OMIT

248 BABY SAUCERS

They streak past a blur of jazzy neon, and head toward the vast, illuminated L'eggs sign.

249 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elevator doors open; Mason, Marisa and Frank scramble out, looking every which way...

And there, at the end of the corridor, is a ladder, leading to the roof. They start climbing.

0125

250 EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The baby saucers reach the sign and buzz happily around it; they stop and waggle their legs at a giant pair of stockings!

250A HARRY

blows his whistle and holds his pocket open. And this time Weems does his stuff! ZIP! Straight in

250B BEHIND THE SIGN

The tenants emerge onto the roof top. They look through the door of the big sign, out onto the catwalk. Harry's there, smiling beautifully, with Weems glowing in his hand.

MASON

Harry, you're a genius, a hundred percent!

HARRY

(holding up his whistle)
Don't leave home without it!

Suddenly, the entire sign begins to flicker and sputter.

250C THE SIGN

High atop Times Square, the huge advertisement flashes on and off!

250D THE TENANTS

look around the roof and spot Flotsam and Jetsam perched atop a sparkling transformer, sucking up electricity for all their worth.

251 FAMILY REUNION

Suddenly Ma and Pa swoop in, buzzing furiously.

FRANK

It's Pa! In one piece!

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED:(1)

Ma whistles for her babies; they obediently fly to her side. But Harry won't let go of Weems. Pa BEEPS a warning and revs his engines. He swoops low and fast past the tenants, his eyes a blazing red.

MARISA

They're going to leave us! Mason,
do something! Talk to them!

Mason pulls her back protectively.

MASON

Watch it. He's pissed off.

MARISA

We didn't do anything! It was
Carlos!

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED:(2)

MASON

----- Same species.

Frank walks tensely toward the saucers, who are grouped in the air in front of the sign.

FRANK

(to the saucers)

It was Faye, wasn't it? She's the way you got here, Faye and the world she lives in. She called you, right?

Frank goes through the sign door onto the catwalk. The saucers study him enigmatically.

FRANK

Well, you can't leave now! Not the way things are -- Faye, she's never tried to hurt anyone; I don't know what happened. Maybe I made a mistake trying to make her stay on to the end. But the cafe, it's all we've got...Please, if you came for her, stay for her!

The saucers slide into formation. Without a backward glance, they blast off across the twinkling skyline.

252 HARRY

Harry looks down at his hands. Weems is in his clutches, beeping frantically.

FRANK

(quietly)

Let him go, Harry.

Harry starts to cry. He extents his arms, then spreads his fingers. Weems rockets off chasing his family.

CUT TO:

253 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The tenement is dark and lifeless. In the street, a shadowy figure opens the back of a station wagon and hauls out some equipment. It's De Witt, puffing on a cigarette.

254 INT. BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT *

De Witt plods up the stairs, lugging a five-gallon can. With a big flashlight, he checks a couple of doorways on his way past. All quiet.

BAT 0175

255 INT. FOURTH FLOOR - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

On a shelf in an empty store room, De Witt places a cardboard milk carton, then pours a quantity of white powder around it like spilled sugar. Next, he uncorks a glass vial, carefully pouring a smoking liquid into the plastic bottle. He checks his watch.

*
*
*
*

256 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

De Witt struggles down the stairs with his five-gallon can and lets himself into the downstairs of Mason's loft.

*

257 INT. MASON'S LOFT- NIGHT

De Witt stands on Mason's kitchen table, hanging balloons from the ceiling. They sag heavily -- filled with liquid.

CARLOS (v.o.)

What the hell you doing?

De Witt jumps half out of his skin, then relaxes as he sees it's Carlos, standing in the doorway.

CARLOS

You having a party?

De Witt hangs another balloon.

DE WITT

No party, kid. There's no one home.

CARLOS

(grins)

That's cause of me. They're not gonna stay without water or electricity.

DE WITT

What are you doing here?

CARLOS

This is my building, I did the job, I cleared it--

Suddenly, Carlos smells something-- kerosene!

CARLOS

You're going to burn the place down?! Man, that's bullshit! This is my building, man! They're moving out!

CONTINUED

(*)

257 CONTINUED:

DE WITT

Look, what do you want me to do?
It's too late, all right!?

CARLOS

But what about me?

DE WITT

What about you?

Carlos glares at him. Finally:

CARLOS

Okay ...if it's gotta burn down,
I'm gonna burn it.

He strides over to Mason's stove and grabs the gas pipe. He begins wrenching it back and forth.

DE WITT

What are you ...? You schmuck!
That's evidence!

Carlos lunges forward and punches De Witt in the face. De Witt HOWLS with shock and pain.

DE WITT

It's gotta look normal! Regular!

CARLOS

Who gives a shit! We're burning
the place, right? Let's burn it!

The aged metal pipe breaks; gas HISSES ominously.

257A INT. LOFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Carlos charges into the bathroom and starts kicking at another gas pipe.

257B INT. LOFT - NIGHT

De Witt dabs at his split lip, then suddenly thinks to look at his watch.

DE WITT

Jesus! Crazy asshole!

He scrambles out.

257C INT. LOFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Carlos manages to break the gas line in the bathroom. More
HISSING gas,

BAT

0175

258 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

De Witt hurries away from the building, checking his watch, grumbling:

DE WITT

Sloppy. Sloppy.

As he loads his stuff into the back of the car, Carlos collars him and spins him around to face the building. *

CARLOS

(venomous)

Hey, man, don't you want to see?
When you do good work like this,
don't you even like to watch?

DE WITT

What are you on, man? We should be
half way across town by now!

Carlos just punches him and drags him back across the street.

CARLOS

Nah. We should watch it. This is
professional, right?

De Witt stumbles into some trash cans, but Carlos grabs his shirt.

DE WITT

I'll split fifty-fifty! Okay?
Let's just get the hell out of
here! Okay? Okay?

Carlos gives him another slap. Suddenly they hear:

FAYE (v.o.)

Bobby! You let him go and get up
here this instant!

We TILT UP to REVEAL Faye, leaning out the window.

DE WITT

Sloppy.

Carlos goes absolutely ashen. He grabs De Witt in a strangle hold, screaming in his face.

CARLOS

YOU SAID THE PLACE WAS EMPTY!!

De Witt can't answer. Carlos is choking him. Finally he lets go and shoves De Witt toward the building.

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED:

CARLOS

You're gonna shut it off, man!

DE WITT

Too late! It's too late! You
wanna get us both killed? It's
gonna blow any minute!

*
*

CARLOS

Just get in there! Get in there
and stop it!

Carlos pushes De Witt up the front steps, but the arsonist goes over the side and lands with a CLANG on the steel basement door. Moaning, he rolls over grabbing his knee.

DE WITT

My knee! You broke my knee!

Carlos jumps down on top of him and yanks him up.

CARLOS

Bullshit, man! Get up! Get up!

De Witt sags and falls, a dead weight. Carlos punches him.

CARLOS

Get up!

But De Witt doesn't even try to defend himself.

DE WITT

I CAN'T WALK! Look, I'll tell you
right where it is ... the fourth
floor, the store room all the way in
the back.

CARLOS

Where?

DE WITT

The store room!
(glances at his watch)
Now go! You got two minutes!

Carlos eyes him. Is he lying? Carlos doesn't have time to find out. He bolts into the building. De Witt springs up and runs away like a very uninjured jackrabbit.

259 INT. BUILDING - FOURTH FLOOR - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos plunges in and looks wildly around. There's nothing there.

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED:

CARLOS

Son of a goddamn bitch!

He runs out, past the carton and powder sitting innocuously on the shelf. A thin wisp of smoke rises from the mouth of the carton. *

260 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlos runs to the Riley apartment and starts knocking.

CARLOS

Old lady? Ladyyyy? Come on!

Inside, the old RADIO is playing. Faye opens the door, removing her apron.

FAYE

Supper's almost ready.

She gives Carlos a peck on the cheek and marches back inside.

261 INT. RILEY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Candles everywhere. A snow-white cloth covers the dining table. Faye, looking a bit lost in a long hostess dress and apron, places a bowl of flowers in the middle of the table, which is set for three. *

FAYE

See? I knew you'd be coming.
I got the ham on.

CARLOS

Ham? No! You gotta get out
of here NOW!

FAYE

Don't start with me...

CARLOS

Shut up!

Carlos pushes a chair aside and grabs Faye by the arm.

FAYE

Bobby! You're hurting me!

She gives Carlos a swift kick in the shin and slaps him in the face. There is a tense pause as they look at each

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED:(1)

other. Carlos' voice changes into his best Anglo impersonation.

CARLOS
("Bobby's" voice)
Golly, Mom, I'm sorry. I just
wanted to show you something.

FAYE
Show me...? What?

CARLOS
My... my... car. Yeah, gee, don't
you remember the new car?

Something is happening to Faye. She searches Carlos' eyes, *
speaking softly.

FAYE
A car? No...

Carlos grabs a shawl and throws it around Faye's shoulders.
He offers her his arm and Faye takes it. They walk slowly
to the door.

CARLOS
Gee whiz! Let's go! Don't wanna
miss the big game! Dad's waiting
downstairs and you know how he is!

Faye suddenly slows down.

FAYE
Your father?

CARLOS
(pulling harder)
Yeah, good old Dad. What a guy...

She jerks her arm away.

FAYE
(stunned whisper)
You're not him...!

Carlos tenses and reaches for her.

CARLOS
Mother, please...

She slaps his hand and retreats, frightened.

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED: (2)

FAYE

You're not Bobby!

He lunges at her, but she locks herself in the bedroom.
Carlos starts pounding.

CARLOS

(bellows, his normal voice)

Oh, God, lady! Don't wake up NOW!

262 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faye backs away from the door. The family album is still open on the bed. With shaking hands, Faye picks it up. *

CARLOS (v.o.)

(pounding on door)

Godammit! THERE ISN'T TIME FOR THIS! *

263 INT. RILEY APT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlos gives her door a frustrated kick--

CARLOS

Shit!

-- and suddenly stops. There, on the buffet is a milk carton... He thinks hard, remembering... A milk carton and sugar? in a store room?

264 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Carlos bounds back up, three steps at a time.

265 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - FAMILY ALBUM - NIGHT

...a collage of photos lovingly arranged: the young Riley couple, their young son; Bobby on his swing; stickball with Frank; birthday parties...

266 INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos bursts back in, sweating profusely. He looks at the shelf.

267 CARLOS' POV

The bottle has started to leak. Acid has eaten through, seeping onto the white powder.

268 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - THE FAMILY ALBUM - NIGHT

The last page. The yellowed newspaper clipping. Faye uncovers the headline: "Youth, 18, killed in crash", and underneath it a photo of Bobby and a photo of twisted wreckage.

269 INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos makes a frantic leap into the hall. The bottle disintegrates... WHOOSH! a jet of super-hot flame leaps up!

270 INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Carlos hits the floor, a huge sheet of fire roars over him.

271 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faye stares unflinchingly at the newsclipping. She rests a trembling finger on her lip, then closes the album.

272 INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlos lies under a pile of plaster and wood. Flames lick up around him.

273 INT. MASON'S LOFT - NIGHT

The ceiling burns through from above. De Witt's hanging, kerosene-filled balloons burst, cascading flaming kerosene to the floor.

274 OMIT

274A GAS PIPES

Near the wall, the gas pipes suddenly belch huge gouts of flame!

274B INT. 4TH FL. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carlos groggily crawls out from under the debris and looks around. Flames everywhere. He hurls himself down the stairwell.

274BA INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Burning debris rains past Carlos as he works his way down.

274C INT. RILEY APARTMENT - FOYER

Carlos stops in the smoke-filled threshold, then decides to try another way in. He hauls out his key and runs back out into the hall.

274D INT. 2ND FL. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He jams his key into a door at the end of the hallway and pushes on the door. It opens a couple of inches, then stops, chained shut! Carlos bashes at it for all he's worth.

0179

275 INT. RILEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is a CRASH as the chain tears free; the door pushes some furniture aside and Carlos, in a cloud of smoke, topples into the room. He looks around. No Faye. He checks the bedroom door; still locked. He dashes into the bathroom.

275A INT. RILEY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Faye's in the tub, holding the curtain close to her. She squirts at Carlos with the portable shower.

FAYE

Don't touch me! Frank! Frank!

Carlos lunges and snatches the shower nozzle. He grabs Faye, who fights like a wildcat.

FAYE

Get your mitts off the merchandise!
How'd you like to eat your nose?!

Then he proceeds to douse her. She screams like murder.

276 OMIT

277 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The tenants, followed by Harry's stray dog, dejectedly walk past heaps of rubble and sleeping bulldozers. Sirens wail in the distance, but they take no notice. Suddenly, a hook and ladder fire engine roars past, followed by a couple of cop cars. Mason glances quizzically at Marisa, then starts trotting -- running --

MARISA

Mason--?

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED:

The others, now worried, start to run.

278 EXT. BURNING TENEMENT - NIGHT

Mason pushes through a crowd of onlookers and fire equipment. The building is spurting bright flames from every window.

Frank arrives, wild with worry.

FRANK
Where's Faye? FAYE!!

THEIR POV

Carlos is coming down the fire escape, half carrying and half dragging Faye. He staggers as he hits the ground. Medics hustle him away from the blaze and falling debris.

AMBULANCE

Frank rushes to the ambulance, arriving as an unconscious Faye is loaded aboard.

CARLOS

Smeared with grime, Carlos hears someone yelling. It is Mason.

MASON
Hey, Carlos--!

Frightened, Carlos turns and runs off. Mason starts to chase him, but Marisa grabs hold of his arm, her face numb with shock. They look up at their building.

279 THE BUILDING

It's the end: the spray from the hoses hits the hot bricks and turns to steam. The building's guts are gone, and it suddenly falls to pieces, its walls collapsing with a dull BOOM.

DISSOLVE TO:

280 EXT. BURNED WRECKAGE - DAY

The wet, charred rubble of the tenement looks desolate in the dull light of a new day. As usual, the bulldozers are rumbling.

GUS

Drives up on his noisy, smoking machine and stops. He lifts his goggles, then shuts off the engine. In the background, other workers do the same.

HARRY

is seated on the ruined front steps, staring vacantly at the remains of his world. The dog's there too, head on his paws.

281 LIMOUSINE

The Lacey limousine pulls up, the window is rolled down and Kovacs' face appears.

KOVACS

What's going on here? What are you stopping for?

Gus points at Harry sitting in quiet mourning on the steps.

KOVACS

I don't see a thing. Just junk. Get moving, you haven't got all day.

GUS

What's your hurry? The building's down, you won, hip hip hooray. Now leave the guy alone. How long can he stay there?

KOVACS

I want him out of my way.

GUS

When he moves, we move. Not till then.

He sits back, along with the others. Harry does not move.

282 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Faye is lying in bed, staring vacantly at the opposite wall. Frank sits by her side, holding her hand.

FRANK

Faye. Come on. Talk to me.
I know you're listening. Faye?

He leans close to her, pleading.

FRANK

I'm not mad at you. It's okay
what you said, you never meant
it. You're my pal, kid, Frank's
little firecracker. We're going
to have us some fun.

He tucks his hands behind his back.

FRANK

You pick it. Asbury Park
Atlantic City...

No spark from Faye.

FRANK

...or both, maybe? Come on,
Faye! We might have been bounced
around but we never dropped the
ball...Faye?

No answer. In despair, Frank looks across the room at a doctor, who just shrugs sympathetically.

283 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Marisa and Mason sit side by side, sad and exhausted..

284 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

PAN slowly across the shadowy remains. Harry still sits alone and cold on the front steps. The dog's ears go up.

We hear a distant, almost imperceptible WHINE that comes closer and closer. WAP! -- Harry's coat flies up as something slams into his pocket. He looks down. Could it be? Yes! Weems!

Harry puts Weems in his palm; shows him the wreckage, shows him the dog. Weems stares in glassy fascination. There is a sound from the ruins of the foyer. Harry gently opens the remains of the door.

284A FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

are pushing squares of mosaic tile, trying to set them in place. Noble, but pathetic. Harry smiles sadly.

HARRY

Aw, Weems ...

Suddenly, Ma and Pa swoop down. Harry steps back, uneasy. The saucers survey the damage, then turn to look at Harry, headlights blazing. Harry squints back, not sure of what's happening. Slowly, he becomes aware of a vast, sweet HUMMING behind him. Flesh crawling, he turns around.

285 SAUCER FLOTILLA

Hundreds of saucers hover over the street, their little cats' eyes glowing.

286 HARRY

gasps and turns back to look at the saucer family. They beep.

CUT TO:

287 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A nurse buttons up Faye's dress and helps her on with her coat. Her tone is soothing.

NURSE

Here we are, dear, just give me your arm and slip it through here... that's a good girl! Don't you look nice.

Faye doesn't seem to know what's happening. She turns to Frank, who is standing near the door.

FAYE

Are we going home now?

FRANK

(nods)

A different kind of home... but very nice. Across the river in Hoboken. You know who's there? Muriel and Sid! You remember...

CONTINUED

287 CONTINUED:

FAYE

I want to go home.

FRANK

We'll be together, Faye, that's
all that counts.

The door opens and Carlos timidly leans in. In his banded hands he carries a small bouquet of cheap flowers and a box of doughnuts. He nervously clears his throat.

CARLOS

Excuse me... Mr. Riley--?

As Frank looks at him, Carlos shyly extends the flowers.

CARLOS

I brought these for your wife.

But Frank is looking past the flowers at Carlos himself.

CARLOS

Some doughnuts...

Frank ignores the offer; he is seized by the last desperate idea. He takes Carlos by the arm and pulls him toward Faye.

FRANK

Faye, look who's here! It's
Bobby! How about that, he
came back!

Faye looks at Carlos. Nobody moves. And then, silently, Faye begins to cry. Frank stands there helplessly.

288 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Carlos emerges from the room, flowers and doughnuts still in his hand. His face is sad. He heads down the corridor, tossing the presents into a trash basket.

POLICEMEN

Two uniformed cops are coming down the corridor in his direction.

CARLOS

runs off in the opposite direction.

CONTINUED

288 CONTINUED:

MASON & MARISA

are asleep in each other's arms. One of the cops nudges them.

POLICEMAN

Mason Baylor? Marisa Esquivel?

Mason and Marisa look at each other, then nod.

POLICEMAN

Would you come with me, please?

The cop helps Marisa to her feet.

MASON

Where are you taking us?

POLICEMAN

Home.

289 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frank and Faye look up, startled, as the door swings open. The other policeman stands there.

290 EXT. COP CAR - DAY

Horn blaring, lights flashing, a squad car pushes its way through a crowd of news vans, official vehicles, reporters and sight-seers. The bewildered tenants peer from the windows.

291 MRS. THOMPSON

The elegant commissioner of historical landmarks, Mrs. Thompson, rushes up as the car rolls to a stop. She flings open the door and hauls Mason out.

MRS. THOMPSON

Fantastic! Unbelievable! I love the whole thing, especially the sconces and corbelling. Plus the original patina, mouldings, reliefs... How you did it I'll never know---

Mason just looks at her, baffled.

CONTINUED

291 CONTINUED:

MRS. THOMPSON

--but you've saved the place, and
saved it with style!

-Frank, Marisa and Faye get out of the car and look up at the building.

292 THE TENEMENT

It is standing again, but standing as if just built. It is in mint condition. A figure waves at them from the roof: Harry.

293 THE TENANTS

They gaze in wonder. But not Faye. Her face is placid, remote.

FRANK

They're back! Faye-- they're back!

Frank desperately searches her face, but she doesn't seem to have heard him.

294 LACEY'S LIMOUSINE

Reporters surround Lacey, cameras and microphones in his face.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Lacey, this building was reported burned last night. Can you give us an explanation?

LACEY

(slick, joking)

Looks like someone made a mistake.

REPORTER #2

What are your plans for this site, in view of what's happened?

LACEY

My plans remain unchanged...

Kovacs appears, ashen-faced. He steers his boss toward the car.

CONTINUED

294 CONTINUED:

KOVACS

Know what I think? It's fake.
Fiberglass. Yeah, it's a pre-fab.
We're getting jerked around here...

The news crews are on their tail, yelling questions.

KOVACS

I'll get rid of them. Want me
to get rid of them? I'll get rid
of them. No problem. I'll just...

LACEY

You're fired.

Kovacs stops in mid-word like a freeze frame. Spilling
woodenly, Lacey ducks into his limousine.

295 THE BUILDING

Kovacs walks warily up to the building. Gingerly, he
reaches out and touches it -- it's for real. He pushes
against it. It doesn't fall over. Behind him, the tenants
enter the building.

296 INT. FOYER - DAY

The unbroken, elegant mosaic spells out "817". The tenants
run past.

297 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

With Mason in the lead, they spill out onto the roof. But
there is no pigeon coop. They turn to Harry, bewildered.

MASON

Where are they?

HARRY

(shrugs)

The Edge of Night.

FRANK

But they came back! They can't
be gone again! What are we supposed
to do-- ?

MARISA

We never got a chance to thank them.

CONTINUED

297 CONTINUED:

Mason walks out to where the coop stood. He helplessly spreads his arms.

MASON

They came once, they can come again.
If we need them enough--

FAYE (o.s.)

They're not coming back.

They turn and look at her. It is a new, clear-eyed Faye.

FAYE

How many miracles do you want?
What's the matter with you people?
You can't solve your own problems?
Stop crying in your beer, Frank!
You got a kitchen to run! And you
two--

(pointing at Mason
and Marisa)

-- when are you getting married?

She walks to the parapet and looks down.

FAYE

We're wasting a lot of time up here.
Look at all those hungry people!

She spots Carlos in the crowd.

FAYE

Hey! Carlos!

298 EXT. STREET - DAY

Carlos looks up, startled, poised to run.

299 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

FAYE

How'd you like a real job for a
change?

300 EXT. STREET - DAY

Four stories below, Carlos stares at Faye in shock, and then breaks into an uncharacteristic expression -- a warm, shy smile.

301 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Faye looks at Frank.

FAYE

He may not be Bobby, but that
doesn't mean he can't use a mother.

MUSIC starts to play: MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

DISSOLVE:

302 INT. MASON'S LOFT - DAY

Mason is working on a new picture -- the tenement building,
bathed in the glow of a mysterious, hovering pair of lights.
A slender, radiant Marisa enters, carrying a tray of food.
She smiles and points.

302A BABY

A dark-haired toddler sits across the room, dabbing at a
piece of paper with a big paint brush.

303 INT. CAFE - DAY

Mason's paintings adorn the walls. Carlos is maitre d' -- in
stylish dinner jacket, carnation boutonniere.

THE HOGENSONS

enter the cafe, thrilled. They've got their suitcases with
them, ready to move back in. They shake hands with Carlos;
he conducts them to a table.

TABLE

Frank and Faye stand to greet their old friends. Happy,
tearful hugs all around. Faye takes a moment to straighten
Carlos' tie.

THE NEXT TABLE

Harry is there, holding forth, finger raised professorially,
lecturing a mile a minute. He's talking -- to the stray dog,
who is seated opposite him.

BAT 0175

304 EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

PULL BACK from the cafe past a throng of CUSTOMERS waiting to get in. KEEP PULLING BACK to reveal the entire district transformed.

Our building is dwarfed by monster, mirrored skyscrapers, surrounded by Lacey's dream city -- surrounded, but not conquered.

FADE OUT.

CONTINUED